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SENATOR BROWN, OF MISSISSIPPI.

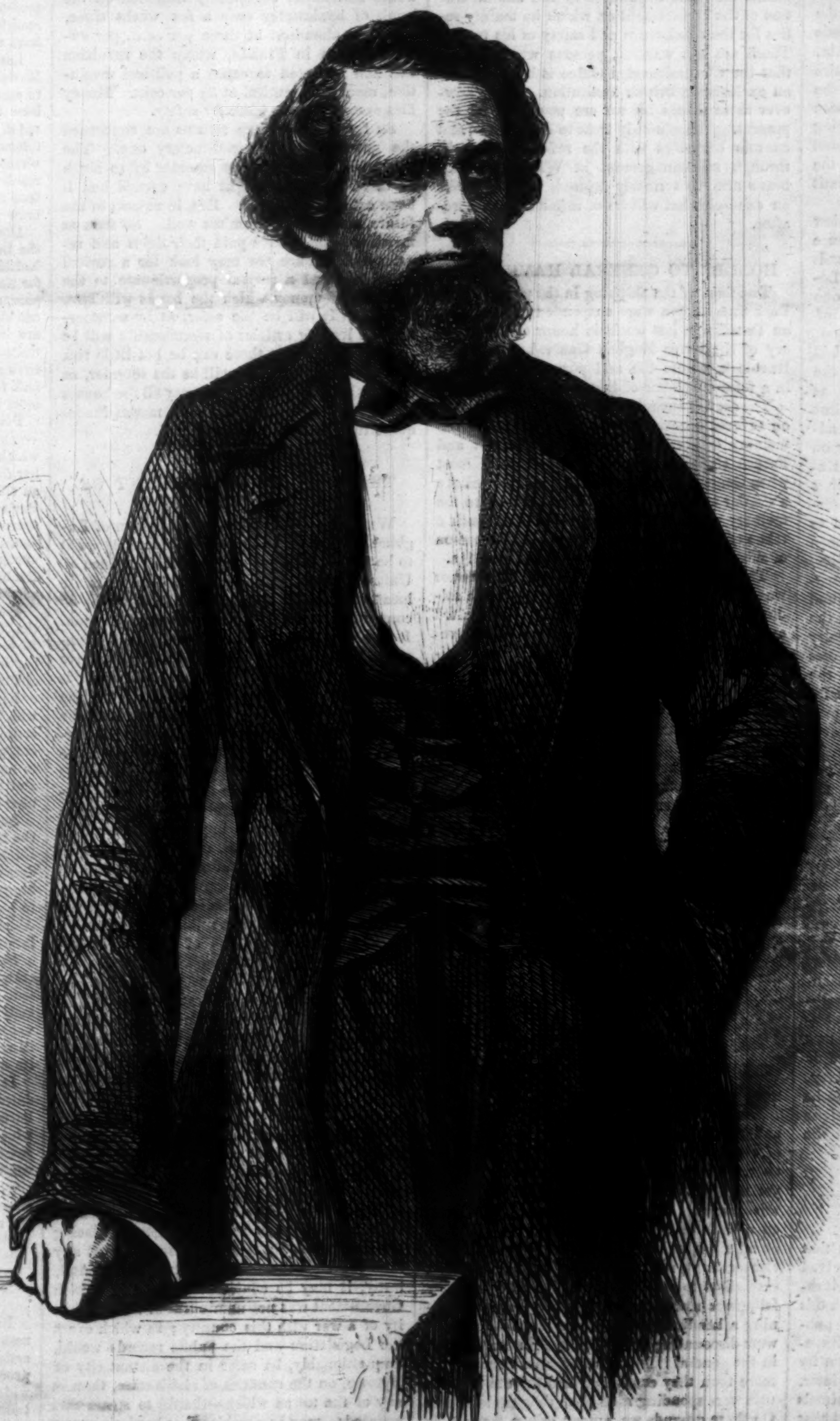
WE present our readers this week with a portrait of the Hon. Albert G. Brown, Senator in Congress from the State of Mississippi.

This gentleman's life is one of the most remarkable of the frequent instances in our history of merit fostered by free institutions into early eminence. He was born on the 31st of July, 1813, in Chester District, in South Carolina. Joseph Brown, his father, removed from that State when the subject of this article, the younger of two sons, was about eight years old. Mississippi was then an infant State, having been admitted into the Union only three years before. Mr. Brown, the elder, had his full share of the hardships incident to a new and unsettled country; but his energy and industry overcame them, and ultimately placed him in easy, though not affluent, circumstances. The present Senator, in one of his public speeches, a few years ago, said of his father: "Removing from South Carolina, he pitched his tent amidst the unbroken forest, in the depth of winter. He had two sons able to work. He was in a strange land, without money and without friends. But with an iron will he attacked the forest. It receded before him, and in three short months the sun, which had been shut out for many centuries, was permitted to shine on a spot of earth in which the settler had planted corn."

The opportunities for acquiring a liberal education, now so ample in Mississippi, were, at the time of the immigration of the Browns, not in advance of those which are usual in new settlements. Of such as existed young Albert had the benefit, but he was never sent to any seminary of learning beyond the limits of the State. After he left school, a judicious course of reading and mental discipline completed the instruction begun by his early training, and prepared him for the study of the law. He was admitted to the practice of this profession before he was twenty-one years old. His success was quick and signal. At the second term of the principal Court which he attended he was engaged in more than forty causes; and when, a few years afterward, he passed from the bar to the arena of politics, there were more than four hundred cases on his docket. During his whole practice he exhibited a thorough knowledge of the principles of law, acuteness and discrimination in applying them, and effective eloquence as an advocate.

In the year 1832 Mr. Brown, though only nineteen years old, had been appointed a Brigadier-General in the State militia. In 1835 he married Miss Elizabeth F. Taliaferro, of Virginia. This excellent lady died within a few months after the marriage. In the same year Mr. Brown was elected, and twice afterward was re-elected, a member of the State Legislature. In 1839 he was elected a representative in Congress; served there one term; and, in 1841, was elected a Judge of the Circuit Court of Mississippi. In the same year he married Miss Roberta E. Young, second daughter of the late General Robert Young, of Alexandria, Virginia—a lady whose exemplary virtues and attractive graces have endeared her to the citizens of Mississippi. In 1843, when only two years of his judicial term had expired, Judge Brown was elected Governor of Mississippi Public affairs in that State were then in a somewhat perplexed condition, arising chiefly from financial causes, but having an embarrassing bearing on many other questions of State policy. The Governor met the difficulties of his position with a firmness and prudence which led to happy political results, and to his re-election in 1845, without opposition. At the close of his second term as Governor, in 1847, he commenced a new course of service as a representative in Congress; was re-elected in 1849, and again in 1851. In 1853 he was elected to the Senate of the United States; and in November last was re-elected for a second term of six years, to begin on the 4th of March, 1859. Though this re-election had been preceded by an exciting canvass, it was almost unanimous. Senator Brown has been for several years, and still is, Chairman of the Committee of the District of Columbia.

During the period of Mr. Brown's service in Congress questions have engaged its consideration, of which many were of high importance, and some vital to the prosperity and even peace of the Union. Among them may be mentioned the Mexican War; the Territorial bills concerning Oregon, Utah, Kansas, and Nebraska; the admission of California as a State into the Union; our disturbed relations with England and with Spain; the Homestead Bill; the River and Harbor Bill; the Wilmot Proviso; and the Slavery question, in its various other forms of agitation. On these, and indeed on almost every important subject, besides his constant attention to the ordinary topics of legislation, Mr. Brown, as Representative or as Senator, has taken an active and memorable part. As a debater, he is distinguished for fullness and accuracy of knowledge, for a close and vigorous logic, for felicity of illustration, for readiness in reply, and, above all, for fairness of reasoning. It has been remarked of him—what can not, with justice, be said of many orators—that he never speaks except when he has something to say, and that when he has said it he ends his speech. In addresses to public meetings, now so marked a department of popular eloquence in many portions of the Union, it is conceded that he has but few superiors.



SENATOR BROWN OF MISSISSIPPI.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITEHURST OF WASHINGTON, D. C.]

In politics, Senator Brown is a Democrat of the straightest sect, and is especially tenacious of those limitations of the Federal Constitution which he regards as protecting the rights of the South. But though a decided party man, he is not a party bigot, and can look on great national questions with a statesman's eye. Recognizing in others the same right of independent judgment which he claims for himself, he is toward them liberal in conduct and courteous in manner; and, in consequence, has perhaps as many personal friends among the opponents as among the adherents of his own particular party. The high trusts which have been confided to him, almost from boyhood, prove his strong hold on the hearts of the people. Entering public life at the early age of twenty-one years, he has continued in it ever since. The esteem entertained for him by his friends and neighbors has made him a candidate for almost every considerable office in the gift of the State of Mississippi, and he has never once been defeated. Such a career, perhaps without a parallel, indicates a popularity to which both pride and gratitude must forbid Senator Brown to be insensible. But it has been obtained by no arts of the demagogue, by no fawning solicitation, by no unworthy compliance. It is "the popularity which follows, not that which is run after." It is the natural reward of a life of integrity and honor; of sincerity, manliness, and decision of character; of fidelity to duty, and ability in its discharge; of devotion to the interests of constituents; of kind offices where needed, and of benevolence to all men.

As this Senator is now only in the forty-fifth year of his age, he may be expected, according to the ordinary course of human life, to live through many added years; and, if so, a future yet more brilliant than the past may be safely predicted for him.

It can be seen already that Senator Brown is destined to take a prominent part in the important controversy now pending in Congress in reference to the admission of Kansas; it would seem, from the newspapers, that the Administration counts upon him as one of its most reliable leaders, though, as yet, he has rather held aloof from the front of the battle. We may be permitted to express the hope that Senator Brown will exercise the influence which his character and his talents impart rather to heal than to embitter a controversy of which the people, North and South, are heartily tired, and whose prolongation can be productive of no possible benefit. And it is but natural that the many admirers of this distinguished Mississippian should likewise entertain a wish to see him still further enhance his claims on the gratitude of his adopted State by lending his powerful aid to the party which seeks the settlement of the financial difficulties which have seemed to cast a shade on the escutcheon of Mississippi.

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HARPER & BROTHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1858.

THE LECOMPTON CONSTITUTION IN CONGRESS.

AT length the famous Lecompton Constitution has found its way to Washington. By the time these lines are being read it will probably have been laid before Congress, with a Presidential message throwing upon that body the responsibility of admitting Kansas under it, or referring it back to the people of Kansas either for ratification or amendment. Questions of fraud apart, the *legal* case that can be made in favor of admitting the new State under that instrument is very plausible. If the election of 21st December was a legal one—and it appears (always passing over the alleged taint of fraud) to have been clothed with legal forms—then the election of the 4th January was quite superfluous, and could no more affect the result of the election than a new choice of a President made now could unseat Mr. Buchanan. If, again, the enabling act of last session does not require the submission of the State Constitution to the popular vote—and no such requirement has been cited—then the Lecompton Constitution, having been framed by a *prima facie* lawfully elected Convention, fulfills all the requirements of the organic Act, and Congress is bound to admit the new State with that Constitution.

This, however, is a mere abstract legal view of the question, and presumes the non-existence or the non-recognition of the alleged frauds which are charged upon the framers of the Lecompton Constitution. Practically, no one doubts that a large majority of the people of Kansas are not satisfied with that Constitution, and that, if the affairs of the Territory were left to their own management, they would take the earliest opportunity of repealing it. Again, as to the frauds. Charges of gross fraud against the framers of the Constitution have been advanced by competent authority, and rest upon such high evidence as the testimony of Ex-Governors Walker and Stanton and the protest of the Kansas Legislature. Can Congress overlook these charges altogether, and proceed to admit Kansas as though no frauds had ever been alleged to have taken place?

It is likely that the Republicans and the Douglas section of the democracy will take the ground that it can not, and that before any vote on the admission of Kansas can take place, an inquiry must be instituted into the legality of the votes cast on 21st December, and likewise into the arrangements which were previously made for a registry of voters. Should this opinion prevail, the Kansas question will probably lie over till next session. Should it be voted down, and the Lecompton Constitution driven through Congress by the power of the Administration, the Northern politicians will be remarkably strengthened for sectional operations in 1860.

One thing now seems certain. The Pro-Slavery party in Kansas have no longer any thing practical or real to fight for. The abandonment by the Free-State party of the irregular organization at Topeka, and their supposed triumph at the election of a State Legislature, seems to have thrown the selection of Senators completely into their hands; even though Kansas were admitted to-morrow under the Lecompton Constitution, nothing could prevent the election of two Free-State Senators from the new State, and the adoption by the Legislature of very decided and stringent Anti-Slavery laws. Whatever contest, therefore, remains now to be fought will be on a question of pride and pique only. The practical issue is settled, and the prize won.

THE PERIL OF THE UTAH EXPEDITION.

IT has transpired during the past week that the Government at Washington has received dispatches from the Utah Expedition which it refuses to make public. Simultaneously with this startling revelation accounts have been published from the encampment of the Utah Expedition, tending to create the liveliest alarm for the subsistence of the force during the winter. It is well known that the bulk of the animals belonging to the force have perished, and that the remainder may die before spring from want of provender; that many trains of army supplies have been captured and destroyed by the Mormons; and that the army stands in sore need of many essential articles, such for instance as salt. If there be any thing worse than this, any thing so alarming that the Government dare not tell it, the public not unnaturally suppose that it can be nothing short of an imminent prospect of the entire destruction of the expeditionary force.

Of course all this is mere conjecture at present. It is not likely that the news is so terrible as the public imagination pictures it. People naturally put the worst interpretation on that which is concealed from them. But it can not be denied that even the published advices from Utah depict a state of things which no friend of the army can consider without grave apprehension.

Our little army is encamped in the midst of the snows on the border of the mountain range which is the bleakest part of the inhabitable portion of this continent. They are in want of many necessaries of life. They stand in imminent danger of losing their entire transportation force; without which they would be incapable of moving in case their provisions were wholly exhausted. It is possible that their clothing is deficient; we are in doubt as to how much of that essential article was destroyed by the Mormons. Finally, they are surrounded by an angry and not overcivilized foe—a foe who is fighting for hearth and home, and who, rightly or wrongly, regards the United States troops as the ruthless instruments of a cruel, unjust, and oppressive government.

Here are ample reasons for grave anxiety for our brave fellow-countrymen at Fort Bridger.

We can, after all, only hope for the best. In the soldierly qualities of Colonel Johnston, whose life was given in our last number, all who know him heartily concur. But there is by no means the same confidence in the administration of the Department on which he mainly relies for the subsistence and safety of his troops. There are not wanting persons who consider that the Circumlocution Office is by no means an exclusively British institution. Still, however these things be, we are powerless for the present. We can only trust to Providence, and console ourselves with the reflection that if, through mismanagement at Washington, our brave army is seriously injured, we may make an example that will be of infinite value hereafter.

HONORS TO GENERAL HAVELOCK.

THE flags of the shipping in the ports of New York and Boston were suspended at half mast on Tuesday of last week, in honor of the memory of the brave English General, Sir Henry Havelock, whose life and portrait were given in a former number of this journal.

The act was entirely unprecedented. Nations, on several occasions, have paid honors to the memory of great foreigners: the English and French shipping hung their flags at half mast when General Washington died, and we believe a similar tribute of respect was paid here to the memory of General Lafayette. But no such a token of respect was ever before paid to a person of subordinate rank, and no national prestige.

The precedent is a noble one. The honor was paid not to the Englishman, not to the soldier, not to the general; but to those exalted and sublime qualities of which General Havelock was the embodiment, and which are peculiar to no nation, calling, or rank. It was a testimony of the respect which enlightened communities in the United States pay to fortitude, self-denial, perseverance, heroism, and intellect, wherever they are illustriously displayed; and as such it reflected very high credit on those who thus overstepped routine and precedent.

The act will create no small stir in England. It will take the English by surprise, and will awaken in their minds new feelings of regard and attachment for this country. It may teach them that, whatever our politicians say, or whatever nonsense may be prated by a few noisy immigrants, there is at bottom a strong feeling of sympathy among the masses of the American people for the fatherland, and that it rests with the politicians and the press of Great Britain to decide whether this feeling shall be encouraged or repelled.

COMMERCIAL PROSPECTS FOR THE YEAR.

TWELVE months ago the public was fully and repeatedly warned against the tendencies of the commercial world. The imports were enormously on the increase; the creation of paper money was immense; the financial market was flooded with all kinds of securities, resting on a basis of indefinite solidity; every where, on all sides, unbounded expansion met the eye. Corporations, with huge capitals, were tempting capitalists to invest money in their shares by fallacious statements of profits. Banks, running a headlong race for the largest dividend, were discounting far beyond their means. And, in the general inflation, merchants were buying more than they could sell, and private individuals were spending more than they could afford. On these grounds we, among others, repeatedly warned our readers against the future.

That future has come and is past. A totally different state of things now meets the eye. Curtailment and prudence are now the rule. Commerce has shrunk into comparatively narrow limits. Capital abounds; investments are rare. The banks are prudent, not so much from choice as from necessity. Those merchants who have weathered the storm have suffered so severely that caution is with them also imperative; all others are in process of speedy liquidation. Good mercantile paper is as rare as the most precious jewels. All articles of commerce are from thirty to seventy-five per cent. lower than they were twelve months ago, and they are still declining. Every one is curtailing his expenses. Rents and real estate have not so severely felt the effects of the revulsion as other descriptions of property, mainly because they move slowly, and the season for them to decline has hardly arrived; but every one has determined to pay less rent this year than last. We are, in a word, in the midst of the reaction which could not but follow the severe crisis of last fall.

The violence and rapidity of the changes effected by the revulsion can be best estimated by a glance at the condition of the various banks of the commercial world. In October, when the revulsion reached a climax here, our banks held a trifle over five millions of specie, and the most undeniable paper could be bought at three per cent. a month; now the same banks hold thirty millions of specie, and loan money every day at five per cent. per annum. In London the Bank reserve fell so low that the Bank Act was necessarily suspended, and ten per cent. was made the legal rate of discount; now the Bank holds about $65,000,000 in bullion, and the rate of discount is five per cent. at the Bank and four out of doors. In Paris the Bank holds more specie than it has done since 1854, and discounts are done at 4½ @ 5. At Hamburg, where the whole mercantile community trembled on the brink of bankruptcy only a few weeks since, money is abundant at three per cent. per annum. Even in Prussia, where the revulsion was half expected to cause a political revolution, money is plentiful at 5½ per cent. Money flies every where to bank for safety.

So far as immediate returns are concerned the prospect is an unsatisfactory one. The world will be poorer next summer by so much as this idle money might have earned had it been actively employed. But, in respect of the future, the horizon promises well. So soon as merchants shall have paid their debts and regained confidence we may look for a revival of trade—and a revival proportionate to the amounts of money which the banks will have to lend. It will be the safer, as by summertime all leading articles of merchandise will be so low in price that there can be but little risk in dealing in them. It will be the sounder, as the revulsion will have swept away all the houses whose standing was doubtful and means inadequate to their operations.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT OF CANADA.

WE hear from Canada that the Queen of England has fixed upon Ottawa City (late Bytown) to be the seat of Government of the Province of United Canada. For the last twenty years the location of the Government has been a bone of contention among the chief cities of Canada. It has been, by turns, housed in Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, and Toronto. It would have remained permanently in Montreal—which is the largest and most flourishing city in the Province—but for the blunder committed by the populace of that place in burning down the Parliament Houses to revenge themselves on the Government for the passage of an obnoxious bill in 1849. Ever since then the several Canadian cities have quarreled furiously on the subject; and finding it impossible to devise a compromise on which all, or a majority, could agree, they decided, about a year since, to refer the question to the arbitrament of the Queen. She has given her verdict in favor of the obscure and comparatively unknown city which, till lately, bore the name of Bytown, on the Ottawa.

Three reasons may be presumed to have governed her choice. In the first place, no one of the four leading cities of Canada could have been chosen without grievously wounding the three others; whereas the obscurity of Bytown protects it from the jealousy of its neighbors. Again, it may be imagined that the British Government was not blind to the important considerations which have induced the leading States of this Union to locate their respective Governments in small towns, remote from the great centres of trade and improvement; more especially since the disgraceful fracas of 1849 in Montreal illustrated the danger of placing the Government in a spot where it was at any moment liable to be overawed by a mob. And, lastly, it may be conjectured that the British Government was not unmindful of the possibility of a war with this country; in which event the Legislature and the public records would, unquestionably, be safer in the distant city of Bytown, on the confines of civilization, than in any of the towns which—thanks to steam and railroads—may be considered as bordering upon our Northern States.

THE LOUNGER.

RACHEL.

THERE is something less to go to Paris for. Those who have been there within the last dozen years have secured a remembrance which is no longer to be secured. Those who saw the great actress in this country, saw her, indeed, but saw her as a Roman may have seen the Vale of Tempe in Hadrian's villa at Tivoli. All the forms might be there, and the combinations; but where was the soft warmth of the Ægean air—the bright lucidity of the Grecian heaven? Rachel required Paris as her setting. Her genius, her art, her work, all her associations, were French. And now Rachel is only a memory.

Nobody could have supposed she would live long. Her vitality seemed to be a fire-brand, which she concealed, indeed, under a mask of calmness, but which consumed her still. That faultlessly graceful figure gliding across the scene—the woeful image of the fate which inspired the drama she played—seemed also the Greek vase, frail as perfect, whose transparent texture made the deadly flame that burned within only a blush of beauty when seen from without. Her life was a consumption from the beginning; full of strange variety, of poverty and ignorance and desperate struggle, then of intoxicating triumph, flattery, wealth, and power. She was of the class who taste all the sweetness of their own fame—whose names are only names to those who come after—not influences and powers forever, like the names of the poets and the artists who live in imperishable works.

The details of her life have been often told, and will be now curiously repeated. But no story of splendor in house and equipage, in dress and society, can conceal the consuming sadness which her aspect impressed upon all who saw her. She may have been mean, avaricious, sensual, deceitful, waywardly passionate; her life may have been wild, light, and voluptuous—nobody can know very much about that—but every body who ever saw her, and who believes in his own impressions as profoundly as in those of other people, will not readily condemn what it is so easy to decry and so hard to understand.

Let the Pharisees keep their hands off. If the Master would allow only him who was without sin to cast the first stone, why should we all be so anxious to fling something at the Magdalen? It is so much easier to throw stones at sin, than it is to be tolerably good! It is such capital exercise for virtue! And having hurled all the missiles within reach we can step into the temple to cool, and thank God we are not as other people—particularly Hebrew play-actors!

Don't misunderstand, and go away saying that the Lounger thinks badness as good as goodness. Neither genius, nor beauty, nor grace, can atone for the smallest sin, any more than giving to the poor, and going to church, and stoning Magdalens, can atone for it. But genius and beauty and grace are in themselves so lovely, that when they are united to the same old sin—which we all have in such abundance—the spectacle is so profoundly sad and full of suggestion and warning, that it is almost better than a sermon.

Poor Rachel! One says so, despite every thing—genius, glory, and success. The last part in which she played was *Adrienne;* but it was also her first part, and her part always. The play was an epitome of her own life. The Lounger was in Paris when she played it first, and her immense success seemed to be a national event. People had doubted whether she could do any thing but the austere Greek characters—had doubted whether Rachel could play Rachel! They gradually learned that she *was* the character she seemed.

Poor Rachel! She could not bear a rival near the throne; but her courtiers could. Paris hailed Ristori as she came, and had not a tear for the departing Queen of the French Drama, without whose electric touch old Corneille and Racine would never have seemed to be other than the mummies into which they now lapse again. Her success in this country was impossible. We can *commong voo porty voo*, pretty well; but we can not speak French, and to know Rachel it was evidently necessary to live and breathe and have our being in French, or as near it as possible.

Suppose Demosthenes were to arrive and address the merchants of New York from the steps of the Exchange, in Greek. Suppose Kossuth had addressed the Common Council of the metropolis in Magyar. Would it have helped the matter much to have supplied the merchants and the Assistant Aldermen with extras containing an English translation?

She came: there was immense curiosity, but no enthusiasm, no rage—only a well-regulated fashion. She must have felt it more acutely than any body else. Then she went to Boston. Paris advanced to conquer Puritanism. Alas! it was an ill-regulated sirocco blowing upon a glacier. The ice was not melted, but the wind was frozen.

It is curious to reflect that her last illness is dated from Boston. All this proud passion—this burning genius—this impetuous, irascible power, which will surely be the greatest tradition of the stage, as it has been one of the great attractions of contemporary Paris—was finally checked in the city, which, with good-humored badinage, is called—and as the Lounger firmly believes, quite without malignity—cold and unsympathetic.

Hic jacet
MELPOMENE.
She was born of Syria and Italy, in 1820.
She died of Boston, in 1858.

But it is not with even the appearance of lightness that the last word should be said of this great artist. To have seen Rachel will be hereafter a proud remembrance. The children will listen with wide eyes to the story, and the youth of the story-teller will return to him as he tells the tale.

"Grandpapa, was she then such a very naughty woman?"

"Children, there is one who knows. As for us, who are very apt to mistake our own red noses for the lights of heaven, let us leave her in His hands.

"'Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!
Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving with meekness
Her sins to her Saviour.'"

WINE AND DIPLOMACY.

"DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—I want to ask a question—and request an answer.

"When you are in Rome, *must* you do as Rome does?

"Suppose the Hon. Hi. Phalooting, M.C., were to receive from our excellent President the appointment of Resident Minister at the Court of his Majesty the King of the Cannibal Islands, would it be dishonorable, uncourteous, or improper, for him, being present at the annual banquet of that worthy monarch, to refuse to partake with him of the roast baby, which, I am told, figures as the chief dish—the *pièce de resistance*—on that occasion?

"Or if, having a mind to display his good-will toward the members of the court to which he is accredited, he should give, say a *dejeuner à la fourchette* in their honor, would it be bad manners on his part were he to refrain from giving at that banquet 'one of the usual courtesies of such entertainments throughout' the Cannibal world—being the favorite dish of roast child?

"I ask these questions because I see some of the papers just now sneering at a worthy gentleman who is Resident Minister at one of the European courts, for refraining from what appears to be the fashion of that court—*wine-drinking*. I am told by those who should know that an American minister or envoy is one who *represents* the American people at a foreign court—acting for them and taking care of their interests. Now, so far as mere *representation* goes, who does this most faithfully—he who, going abroad, abandons the previous habits of his life, which must be to a certain extent those of the people from among whom he has been chosen, and apes the manners and customs of a people hitherto strange to him—or he who goes honoring by observing the habits and customs of his own land and life?

"Governor Wright, the gentleman in question, has been all his life a temperance man. During a long and successful political life he has, with a hospitality rare even in the West, kept open house to all comers—but for reasons evidently sufficient for himself, has never dispensed liquors at his hospitable board. Should he now put aside the convictions of a lifetime for the sake of escaping the sneers of a few foreign—and American—snobs? He has gone to Berlin, as Franklin went to Paris, a plain American citizen and gentleman, changing in no unnecessary particular his habits, which *are* those of an *American gentleman*. European snobs may sneer at him. They have sneered at American gentlemen before. But should not every true American honor the courage of the simple-hearted man who is *not* dazzled by the empty glitter of a foreign court? Yours,

"ONE WHO KNOWS GOVERNOR WRIGHT."

—The question of his correspondent reminds the Lounger of an incident of travel, which will serve as a pendant to the story of Governor Wright's Temperance breakfast.

In his days of wandering the Lounger had pitched his tent for a season in the same city of Berlin, and, while he yet tarried, there arrived a newly-appointed Minister to Prussia from the United States. The new Minister, unlike Governor Wright, was *not* a member of the Temperance Society, and commenced his diplomatic career by haranguing the Prussian people, in his shirt-tail, from the balcony of his hotel. The Lounger is not aware that any foreign or American journal took especial notice of the circumstance, or seemed to be in any wise troubled by that most bitter disgrace of the American name.

Which of the two ministers most fitly represented his country—which of them were the gentleman—are questions which the Lounger leaves to the discrimination of the American people.

It is a melancholy fact that the sea washes out a great deal of American loyalty from the American. He becomes a follower, an imitator, and a snob. To dine with a lord, because he *is* a lord; to bow in breeches to a king, though it be only King Bomba, of Naples, sends thrills of sweet satisfaction through the free and independent Yankee soul.

To sneer at a man who, believing the use of liquors to be wrong, spreads his table without them, is as gentlemanly as to quarrel with him because he does not introduce a corps of model *artistes* after supper. Temperance with Governor Wright is evidently no whim, but a principle; and in all our recent diplomatic history there is no little incident—not even excepting the annual eloquence of our Ministers in England at the Lord Mayor's dinners, upon the common bond of language, etc., of Shakspeare and Milton, etc.—which is more simply honorable, American, and sensible, or more becoming a gentleman, than the conduct of Governor Wright in quietly adhering to his principles, although my Lord A. might think it "extraordinarily odd"—or Monsieur le Comte B. might shrug his shoulders at this *drôle* of an American—or the Geheimrath C. might declare that it was *ausgezeichnet besonders* not to find any wine to drink at an American minister's.

Suppose they do think and say so. The Lounger has seen a President of the United States waiting to take his turn at a common towel upon a railroad excursion. My Lord B. would consider that, doubtless, "'pon my word, excessively odd!" The sooner Dr. Franklin is taken as the model of an American Minister abroad, so far as simplicity of manners is concerned, the better for us all.

DR. BELLOWS UPON POVERTY AND CRIME.

THE Rev. Dr. Bellows, who last year spoke a kind word for the play-actors—who, although they are play-actors, are still our fellow-beings—has recently delivered, at the Lowell Institute in Boston, a course of lectures upon the History and Philosophy of Poverty and Crime, with considerations upon their proper treatment by society. The course was most interesting and successful. Dr. Bellows is not afraid of looking at facts, nor of calling them by name. As a clergyman, a man brought into daily contact with the poor and suffering, his own experience authorizes him to speak of the subject, and his intellectual habit peculiarly fits him to discuss the reasons and the remedies. Several well-known men have asked him to repeat some of the lectures in New York for the benefit of a most deserving charity—and he will begin this week.

"TOLD YOU SO."

"COLLEGIAN" can not say he did not have fair warning last week. The Lounger told him that he was recklessly drawing the whole Greek alphabet about his ears—that he was tossing a bomb, and there was no knowing where it might explode, nor with what consequences. The Lounger little dreamed (people who give warnings never do) that *he* was to suffer in any way. But bang it comes into his own room, and blows up the whole family. Here is the *Bohemien* swearing at him dreadfully, and openly charging that he is double delta something—a d, d, sort of fellow, and yet not reverend.

The Lounger hereby solemnly implores the youth of the American colleges to beware how they cast him into the hot water which is always bubbling in family jars. His next neighbor and friend, the *Bohemien*, is, in short, a *beta*. He beats all, even Collegians and Loungers. Let them, therefore, agree to keep a peace or a part.

"MR. LOUNGER,—I am sorry for the 'Collegian' who writes to you a letter about the College Secret Societies. He is evidently afflicted with the mutual admiration fever so common to the scholastic youth who, when they ought to be attending to their Latin quantities, are drumming up recruits for 'our society.' You know, Sir, as well as I, what a pang you inflict upon the susceptible hearts of the Delta Psis, the Chi Sis, the Zeta Psis, and the Theta Delta Chis when you allow him to call them 'a few small societies left.' *Left* where? What is the meaning of that sinister remark? *Left* to be called for like a brown paper parcel? *Left* by a railway train, or a steamboat, or over the left, or what?

"The Theta Delta Chi is the most important society in all the world—in the opinion of its *confrères*, of whom, as the man said in response to the toast, 'The heroes who fought, bled, and died at Bunker Hill,' I am one. We have here a Chapter of Resident Graduates which includes some of the most brilliant ornaments of the learned professions, of which, etc., etc.

"We are never 'left' any where, as the Collegian will find if he will come down or over—I suppose he is a Union or Yale man—here next spring. In the mean time I remain,

"Yours, disgusted,

"The BOHEMIEN.

"P.S.—Ethelinda shares my feelings on this trying occasion."

OUR LETTER-BOX.

"GOOD MR. LOUNGER,—I know you are a good man by the remarks you make. Will you listen to me, and give me your advice, or, at least, your sympathy and condolence? I have tumbled, head-over-heels, into an awful pool of prospective misery, and can see no honorable way of getting out of it. My deplorable case is, briefly, this: I *was* in love (mark the *past* tense), and *am* engaged (note the present one). It was in the country, by the sea-shore, where I had been spending my fortnight's vacation from business, that I first met and fell in love with Helena.

"What a charming, simple, affectionate, pure-hearted, sensible, pretty girl she then appeared to me, as we strolled together along the romantic coast, or read Tennyson's poems, which she said she liked so much (she has changed her mind since, and now pronounces them extremely silly), seated on the gray rocks, within sight and sound of the melancholy sea, her glossy black hair falling in soft showers over my cheek and shoulders, as we bent our heads closely together over the book! The beauty still remains; but, ah me! where are the charms, the affection, the simplicity, the amiability, the good sense?

"When she returned to the city, you may be sure I lost no time in going to see her. She lives in a stately house, and when I entered the drawing-room, where she was seated alone, I expected, of course, she would come bounding to my arms, like the good little cherub I thought her to be; but no, she advanced to meet me—me, who am to be her husband in six weeks—with as slow and stately a step as, I suppose, was that with which Queen Mary marched to execution, and presented to me the cold tips of her fingers, and nothing more, to shake. 'Can this indeed be my Helena?' thought I, as I looked with astonished eyes at her.

"The Helena I fell in love with had a lithe, graceful figure, but, bless me! the hoops she now wears have changed it into the proportions of a beer-barrel. Her beautiful hair is now so twisted and plaited that its beauty is almost entirely destroyed, and is so plentifully oiled that I would not relish having it brushing my cheeks, as it did when we were reading on the rocks. Oh, roses and carnations! what a lovely bloom the fresh sea-breezes blew into her fair cheeks during that happy fortnight when she won my love! But now—I am ashamed to tell it, but it is, alas! too true—they owe their color to the apothecary's shop! Her conversation, which, in the country, used to be all about love, and contentment, and heroism—about literature and art—about the glories of nature, the sweet flowers, the wild woods, the solemn mountains, the flashing sea, and the wondrous and plaintive harmony of its chanting waves—about the gorgeous sunsets and glorious sunrises (do you know, Sir, she rose one morning at five o'clock to see the sun rise?)—has now changed to the silliest chat about what Mrs. Buncombe wore at the Opera, and what a splendid 'turn-out' Mr. Potiphar showed on the Avenue yesterday, and what a fine house Mr. Jones has built, with a passing fling at the Misses Jones; while her wit, which is sprightly enough, is kept in constant exercise by throwing ridicule upon the manners, and dress, and looks of all her female friends!

"When I attempt to raise the tone of the conversation to its former level she laughs at me, Sir—actually laughs at my sentiments—and, tapping me on the chin with her fan, says, 'Such stuff is all very well for the country, but people can find something better to talk about in the city.' If I do not take her to the Opera, or Theatre, at least three times a week, she is not half pleased, and shows her displeasure very plainly too; though I am afraid, from her conduct during the performance, as well as her conversation afterward, that it is not her love of the music and the drama which furnishes her enjoyment there, but the display of wealth and fashion which she sees.

"Fashion! how I hate the word. Whenever I do any thing natural, she tells me it is not *fashionable*. It strikes me, Sir, it is not fashionable to do any thing but what a shrewd monkey, in a strait-jacket, could be easily trained to perform.

"This is my case, Mr. Lounger; and with an anxious, aching heart, I ask your advice. What shall I do? I loved, and could love forever, the Helena of the sea-shore; but the Helena of the city I can not but despise. She reads the Lounger; and perhaps you might write something which would influence her so as to change her appearance, manners, and voice back to its old looks, ways, and tones. Oh! Sir, if you could effect that, you would lift a mountain from my heart, and earn the eternal gratitude of "Your admirer,

"TOM DESPERATE.

"P.S.—What kind of a climate is there at the Cape of Good Hope?"

—The Lounger would gladly help you, Mr. TOM DESPERATE; but when you are stung by a bee it is rather late to tell you how to prevent his stinging. Bear this in mind, however, for your future guidance, as a maxim which experience soon teaches all lovers of the Desperate family—first, calculate all the chances of the game before you begin to play, and then keep a good face to the end. When you go, or any other Tom goes, to Newport, you ought to go with the knowledge that young people, of both sexes, congregate there to pass away the summer in the pleasantest way they can invent. Now is any thing pleasanter for the youth of twenty or twenty-five summers, and the maiden of a corresponding tenderness of years—let us suppose seventeen or eighteen—than to sit upon the shore of the sea, in soft weather, watching the anerithmon gelasma, and reading Tennyson's "Break, break, break, On thy cold gray stones, O sea?"

Several things are sure to happen under those circumstances. Thus, the female *chevelure* is very likely to mingle itself with the masculine whisker, and the sentiments of the melodious verse are very apt to become the views of the young people who read it, until Maria is at last sure that the Prince in the "Sleeping Beauty" was the very image of Augustus; and the gallant Gus., in a most gentlemanly shooting-jacket and toe-ventilated shoes, is persuaded of the identity of Maria and the "Sleeping Beauty" herself; and so, before they know it, as it were, he finds himself not only reciting those delightful lines—

"Oh, love, 'twas such as this, and this,"

but actually *doing* the "this and this."

Then they must be engaged, of course. But, Thomas, don't you see that it is, in its very nature, a limited partnership? You both come home. For summer, sea-side, time to kill, and reading poetry, *you* have counting-room all day and white gloves and "Lancers" all night; *she* has calling, shopping, dancing, and Grace Church. There is no more Tennyson, summer, or "Sleeping Beauty." The game, in fact, is played out. You have both won a pleasant summer, a pretty flirtation, a gay joke, a blush, perhaps. And what have you lost?

Lost your heart? No, dear Thomas; lost your head only, if you have put any thing so valuable as your heart into the keeping of a beer-barrel, however covered with silk (it is your own comparison). Hearts are not given away as easily as you think. Or if foolishly given, they are dropped again by the holder, with their value quite unknown to her; and, quite uninjured by the fall, they are as good as a diamond which slips from a lady's bracelet, and is a diamond still. Helena can not break your heart, for she can not hold it, and she is too light to hurt it by treading upon it.

Allons, Monsieur Thomas! encore à Newport!

Bohemian Walks and Talks.

LYDIA LANGUISH IN COURT.

You don't know the Count of Timbuctoo, I presume. Like the servant girls who steal spoons, he has had his trials. Closely connected with the royal family at Timbuctoo, he was exiled on account of his enormous appetite. The sums that were expended for his dinners attracted the attention of the Opposition, who made such a row about it in the House that the Government had to send the poor Count away. Arrived here, his inordinate consumption increased the price of provisions, and made the hard times of '54 '55. I think it had a great deal to do with the late panic. The Count goes into society because he is a count; if he was a duke from Marquesas, with a passion for tender infants, *à la Marengo*, he would be invited out oftener than he is now. The Count, having a sanguinary disposition and an appetite for massacres, is a great patron of Wallack's Theatre, where he often meets Ethelinda, who says that while he is not eating he is always saying something severe about his friends. On a recent occasion two well-disposed young men, afflicted with the worst form of *cacoethes scribendi*, produced a play, "The Maiden Wife." One would suppose that even a cannibal would have some feeling, and would know that these unfortunate persons should rather be pitied than condemned. But the Count was as ruthless as his cousin of Dahomey, who kills all his captives that are not in sufficiently good condition for sale. He assured Ethelinda that the title was absurd—that there could be no such thing as a "maiden wife," and that "romance after marriage" was an absurdity. "Now mark," as Prince Hal says to Fat Jack, "how plain a tale shall put thee down."

We have, in real life, a maiden wife.

We have romance after marriage.

We have had her in Court, Supreme (Chambers); we issued a *habeas*; and we, the sovereign people, had her *corpus*. She is a young lady, says one of the reporters, with some attractions (thirty thousand attractions between her and her brother). She is sweet sixteen, and of a romantic disposition. She has a mamma who writes nice letters to a young man, asking him to marry her daughter. After a time, however, mamma changes her mind—thinks the young man will not "answer for the situation." Menalcus takes an appeal to Phyllis herself, who seems willing enough. Mamma's watch is strict; but who doesn't know the proverb about love and locksmiths? A clergyman is taken to a house in Ninth Street, where he remains, like a slave-trader in a creek, with a man-of-war boat outside, waiting to run his cargo. Mamma, the daughter, *the* young man, and some other young men, went to the theatre, where Phyllis contrived to give mamma the slip, and hied to the bower in Ninth Street, where she was straightway united to the fond youth. Returning, the maiden wife saw the remainder of the play, after which the parties separated as before.

Now comes the "Romance after Marriage."

Forty-eight hours elapse; the wife still remains a maiden, but mamma begins to suspect. Cross-examination brings out the terrible fact, and the wife is hurried off to the country, without even being permitted to say,

"Formose, vale longum, vale!"

Corydon flew to the writ of *habeas corpus*, and after a great deal of argument the lady is produced in Court; she tells the Judge that she married the young man freely, but that now she doesn't like him, and won't have him at any price; so the disconsolate husband is sent packing out of Court, with a long bill of costs for his friends to pay. What can be the matter? Why does the lady change her mind so suddenly? Ethelinda thinks she likes some one else. Ah! the inconstancy of lovers of both sexes has been the theme of poets in all ages.

"Brief time for Ariadne Theseus mourn'd;
Demophoon from his Phyllis ingrate turn'd;
In Jason's bark the sea Medea brav'd;
Yet lone, abandoned, curs'd the man she sav'd."

That's the end of the romance for the present, and we should like to ask the Count if he does not acknowledge himself to be demolished?

The case, however, presents some singular anomalies and contradictions. In the first place, What possible rule is there for proceeding to take testimony after the return on a *habeas corpus*, when the body of the person alleged to be improperly restrained is not before the Court? Second, What law justifies a wife, provided the marriage is admitted to have been legal, in defying the authority of her husband? Third, Is the decision in this case to be quoted as a precedent? And again: Can not there be a law to restrain mothers from holding out false signals to lure susceptible young men into the breakers of Matrimony, and then send them to perdition on the lee-shore of Disappointment? Further: Why is it that the law gives so many facilities to people to get married, and so few to get unmarried? Also, Why don't the New York female know better than to get married while she is only a day or two out of the cradle? Let the New York matron answer that. And, finally, after the New Jersey outbreak against taxes, and the case above cited, isn't it fair to ask what we are coming to? I wouldn't give much for the Constitution, the Star-spangled Banner, or the Eagle, or any other of our much-cherished institutions, if the rampant spirit among our female population is not speedily checked!

FLUNKEYISM AT WASHINGTON.

MR. JEAMES YELLOWPLUSH has crossed the Atlantic, and may be found in the fourth story of a Washington hotel. Mr. Yellowplush gets his bread by writing letters for the Squashtown *Banner of Freedom*, and various other journals, from which he can pick up a dollar or two. Mr. Yellowplush is the king of the "dead-heads." He gets his board for little or nothing, for an occasional puff of "our prince of a landlord," "our most gentlemanly clerk," or our "most polished and agreeable" boot-black. He does the society correspondence; he puts his nose in at the receptions by the wives of the Cabinet Ministers, and sends the most charming letters, descriptive of their persons and manners. You will find Mr. Yellowplush in every drawing-room where impudence can take him, and you will see, next day, that he has tried to earn his glass of wine and bit of cake. Mr. Yellowplush has heard that he is a snob, but can not be made to believe it. He has lately been "much interested" in the wife of one of the Secretaries. And why? Let us see:

"When we arrived there were so many distinguished gentlemen and accomplished ladies surrounding her that I began to feel that both my entrée and exit would prove a very 'French-leave affair;' but, with the quick eye of high breeding, our party were espied, and the manner in which we were received, put at ease with appropriate conversation, *and shown to the refreshment table*, somewhat elevated my previous ideas of entertaining."

This paragraph is a little "woolly," as the printers say, but it is nothing when compared to what follows. Here's a pretty bit:

"Mrs. —— is a generous representative of the 'Empire State of the South.' We always linger longest where the bland air and the sunshine greet us, and the half hour in which this eminently social lady, and her friends, Miss —— and Mrs. ——, carried me back to the sunny groves of Georgia, with a ten years' retrospection, left the most agreeable and enduring memories. It should be the pride of our nation that the ladies of our men high in political power can do so much by their high-toned courtesies to hold the Union together."

It is a great pity that the ladies ever brought him back from Georgia. I have omitted the names, which Jeames gives in full, as we do not believe the ladies would feel flattered by seeing them here.

Here we have Jeames in a classical point of view:

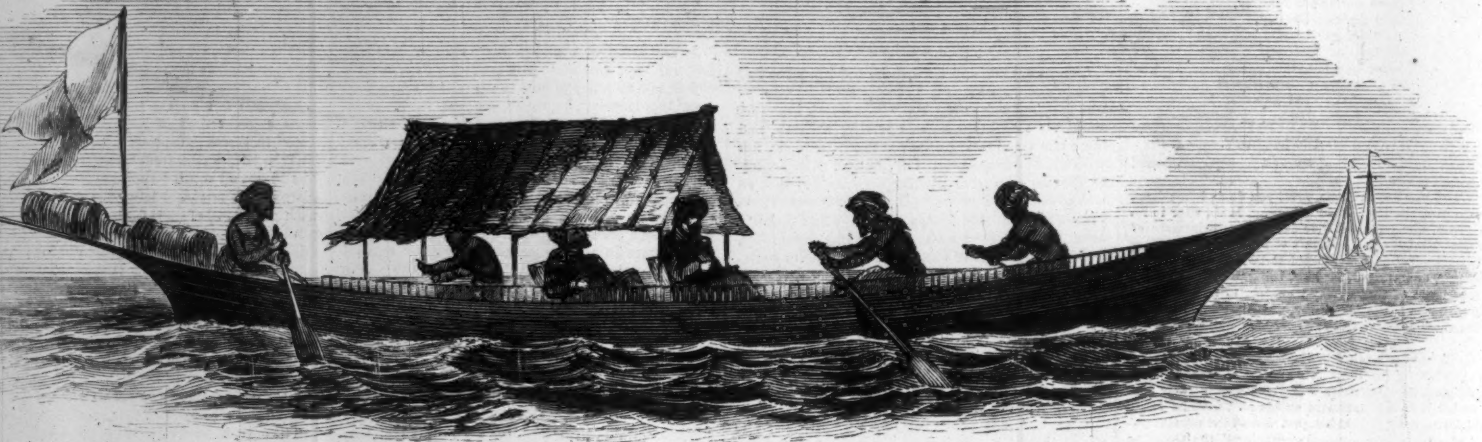
"Mrs. —— is the American type of what I understand to have been a Roman matron, provided that they were elevated socially to the high positions of their lords."

The proviso is good. Overhaul your Gibbon, Jeames, the next time you go to the Capitol to beg a frank or steal some stationery. I must, reluctantly, leave Mr. Yellowplush for to-day, with his sweetly-worded peroration:

"Having traversed the social heaven in the orbit of the seven stars of first magnitude, and there being yet an hour of summer-like radiance glancing adown the broad and endless streets of this city of magnificent distances, our party decided to gratify my preferences by a call upon the Misses ——. The three sisters were attired in the most comely contrast, and in the most exquisite taste and richness. It is intellect, after all, which gives position: and, though we had run an ordeal of the most elevated characteristics, we found that, even as the last ray which in summer sunshine melts itself away, and gilds the receding hills with increasing glory, so did this call shed a halo of friendly admiration round the others."

Now I call that grand. A good notice of "intellect"—a bit of poetry at the end, adopted from Byron. In fact, it is, like the ladies, "dressed with exquisite richness;" and I am glad to "shed a halo of friendly admiration" around it. Good dog, Jeames—you earn your money!

THE ISLAND OF LABOUAN.—[FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]



A LABOUAN PRAHU.

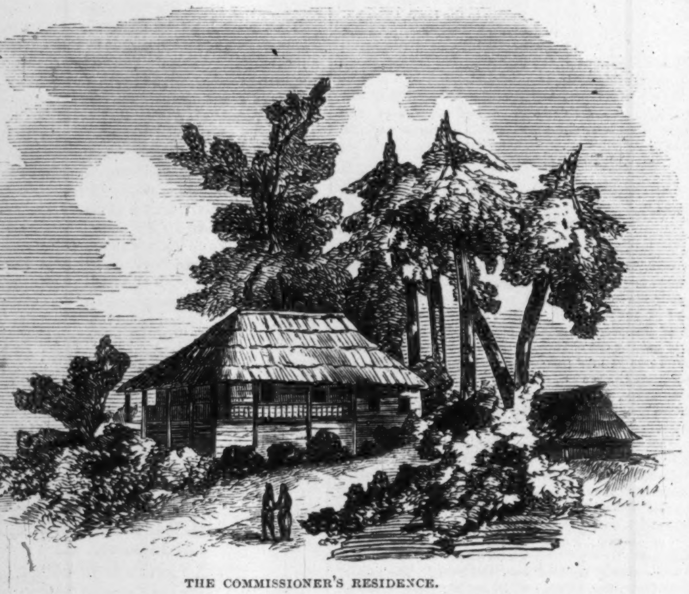
SINGAPORE, *November*, 1857.

I FOUND myself one hot day off Coal Point, Labouan, reading the first number of *Harper's Weekly*, and out of pure gratitude for the pleasure received have resolved to send you a few "jottings by the wayside" from this, one of those parts that few visit or know much about.

Labouan is a small island belonging to Great Britain, having been ceded by the Sultan at Bruni to that government for love and money, a few years since, and has already begun to develop its riches to Anglo-Saxon energy. Lying midway between Singapore and Hong Kong, so that a slight deviation by the mail steamers from their usual course, with the loss of a few hours only, would bring it in weekly communication with the home government, abounding in excellent coal, and contiguous to the immense and wealthy island of Borneo, whose mountains loom away to the west in the haze, it possesses advantages such as made its acquisition of no small importance—another demonstration of that great principle expressed by some English statesman of renown, who believed in "*getting foothold*"—a principle which is being successfully carried into practice wherever there is the slightest opportunity, even though it may not be available for half a century to come.

From our decks the straight trunks of gigantic trees, topped with heavy foliage, form a background to the clearing, where a small village, piled about in the most irregular manner, is striving into existence. Every where else the graceful tropical trees, bushes, rank weeds, and parasites—or, all in one word, the jungle—presents an impenetrable barrier, leaning far out into the water, so that it is only at certain points a landing can be effected. Herein lurk—so report says—such amiable characters as tigers, wild boars, anacondas, etc.; but though we traveled several weary miles in search of these or other game, we never had a single shot, and always returned on board in the most unenviable condition, from forcing our way through the suffocating forest.

One long pier of bamboo stretches out into the blue water, to accommodate vessels in loading, and cars full of bituminous coal come rolling quietly, comporting with the lazy atmosphere of this climate, from two small holes in the hill-side, dumping their contents into yawning hatchways; often will be found embedded in pieces of these black diamonds lumps of resin an egg in size, wanting a match only to ignite them; and that captain of an American war-steamer, who, on arriving in China, had his bunkers swept clear of this fuel, was wise, for it is too combustible to remain with safety any length of time in such warm quarters.



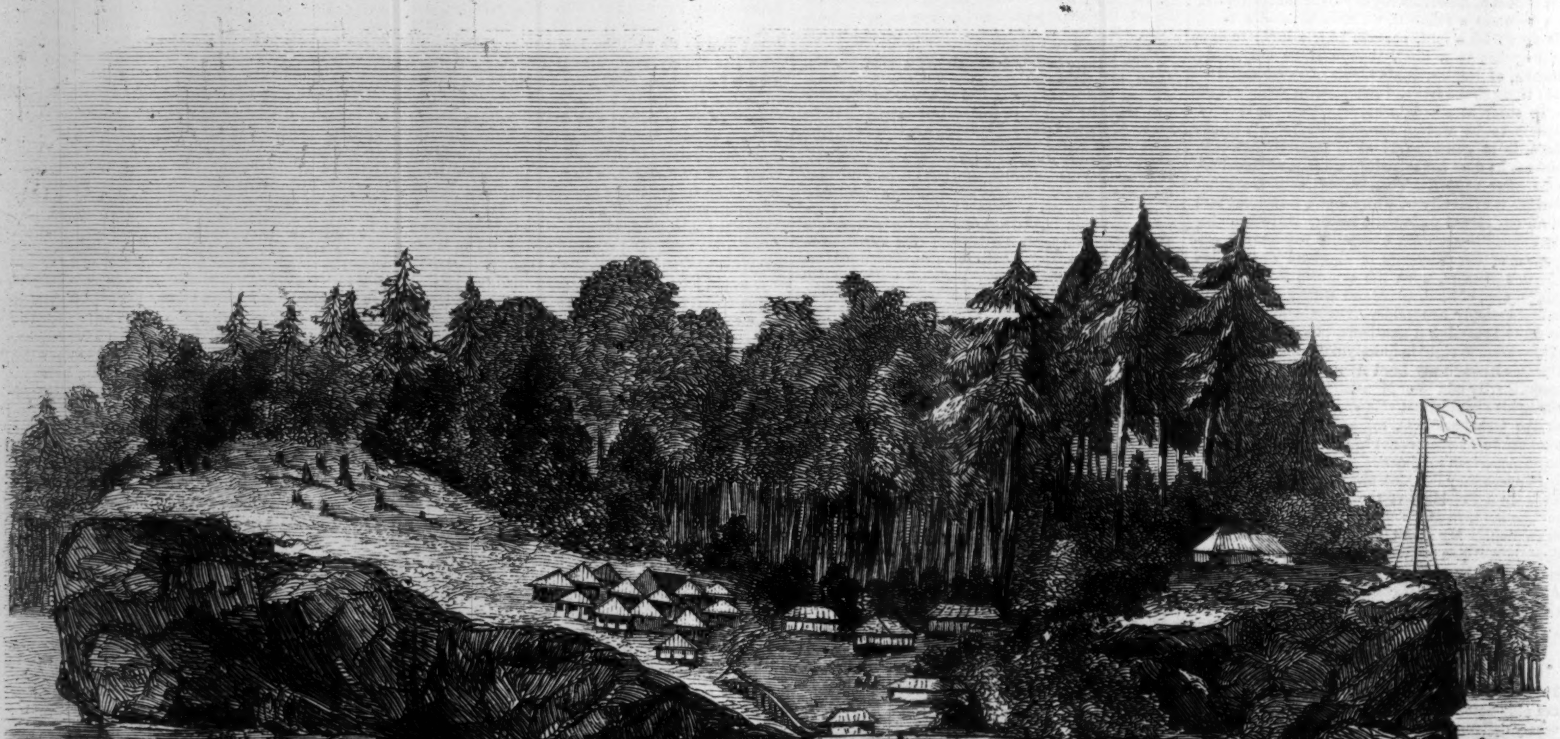
THE COMMISSIONER'S RESIDENCE.

Labouan affords, thus far, the only coal suitable for steam that has yet been discovered in the East. It has been found in many of the islands hereabout, and in Formosa and Japan, but the quality, on testing, proved so inferior, that it was at once condemned as useless. It would be difficult to surpass this place, even should good beds be discovered elsewhere, for the convenience of mining and delivery are unexceptionable, not more than sixty rods of rail being all that is required to carry cars from the pits to the pier; so it may be said that England, with a foresight creditable to her wants, controls and owns every pound of available coal in this quarter of the globe. Our war-steamers even are often obliged to borrow from the Mail Company, on promise of return in a specified time. Immense quantities are transported to the Company's dépôts at Singapore and Hong Kong, and a demand greater than the supply exists. At all times there are at least two or three vessels loading, and but that the mining is carried on under the disadvantage of bad workmen—or men who never knew what work was till thus employed—and the want of machinery, which will soon be supplied, treble the quantity would be shipped.

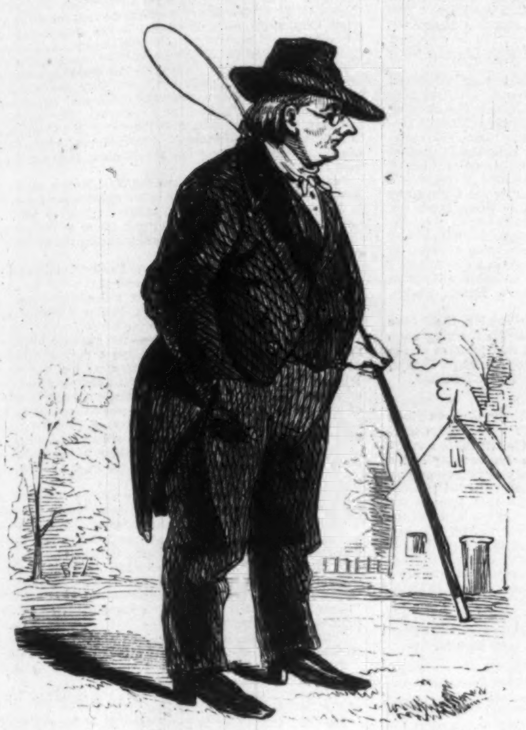
Snugly moored near the pier lies a small fleet of prahus, ranging in size from thirty oars to two. These most beautiful boats, with their tapering bows, that seem to cut through the water without a ripple, and their long, graceful hulls, speak speed in unmistakable terms; there are no faster boats in the world, and to them we are indebted for our clipper ships, their lines having been adopted by us in a modified form.

Not many years ago the appearance of a prahu was the signal to a merchantman cruising in these seas to prepare for his defense. With crews of a hundred men they came paddling at a marvelous speed from behind some island or point, and overtook their prize with but little exertion. It was hardly possible to run away, and, unless damaged by well-directed shot, their conquest was all but certain. Few of these pirates are to be met now, British cruisers having taught them lessons of severity; and they either prey upon themselves or are engaged in legitimate trade. These lying here have come laden with produce from neighboring towns, and find a ready market for all they can bring. It is not impossible that Labouan may yet be a dépôt for collecting the wealth of Borneo and adjacent islands, in preference to Singapore, which, from some cause, has ceased to advance, if not actually losing ground.

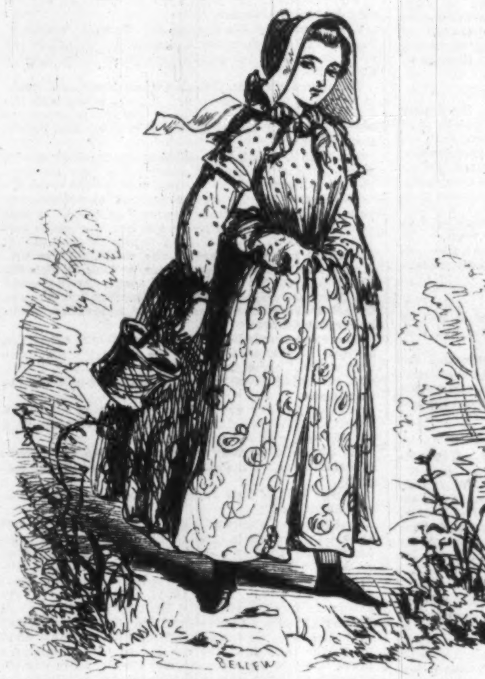
One or two Europeans are occasionally met on shore superintending the work, and indolent natives are either sitting on piazzas or in shady spots, chewing betel-nut, dozing on their mats, or working leisurely at breaking coal, driving horses, and killing mosquitoes. I call them natives. Labouan was uninhabited, except by roving people, who made it a rendezvous when on predatory excursions, until it changed owners; then flocked in from Borneo a goodly sprinkling of Bugis, Dyacks, and Malays. The Chinese are yet scarce, and probably these, being naturally industrious, would be the most preferable emigrants; they will come if any money is to be made, but the dreadful punishment just inflicted on them at Sarawak will have the effect of checking their advance here for some little time. Sarawak is only one hundred and



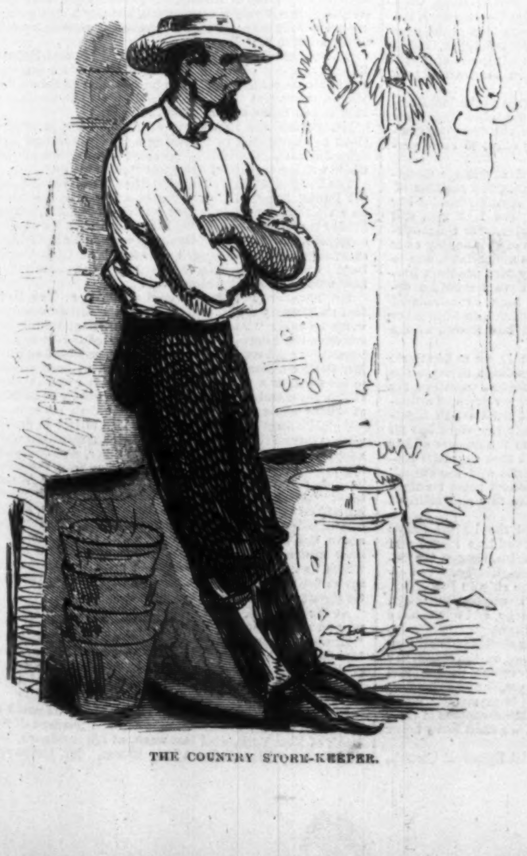
COAL POINT, LABOUAN.



THE COUNTRY DOCTOR.



THE COUNTRY BELLE.



THE COUNTRY STORE-KEEPER.

thirty miles distant; so, with British influence thus powerfully exerted, it is not difficult to prophesy the future masters of Borneo.

To the right, on a rocky bluff, overlooking the whole place, lives the Company's agent, in as European a house as can be built here; the situation, for air and scenery, is delightful, and, surrounded by a dozen old guns, barely seen through the tall grass, with the meteor flag floating over all, he feels, no doubt, considerable security in case of a row.

Victoria, the capital of this colony, or settlement, lies a mile or two farther on, at the head of a small bay, affording safe anchorage for ships; here resides a governor, some soldiers, and a bishop.

To us time would pass in that little town with fearful monotony; but people quickly learn how to eat, sleep, and smoke away hours in such a lazy, loving climate.

I have not visited Victoria, and can say nothing about it, being exclusively occupied at the Point; but frequently, escaping from the ship, was glad to lie during spare moments on the matted floors of a Malay cottage, gazing upon the charming scenery, smoke, and think of nothing. This domicile is a jewel of its kind; built on posts to avoid dampness, and partially surrounded by a covered piazza, the air circulates below and about, while the direct rays of a broiling sun finds no opening to penetrate. No architect could design a dwelling better adapted to the climate than this. Straight limbs of trees stripped of their bark, or large stalks of bamboo—that blessing to the East—forms posts, beams, and rafters; while broad leaves, that shrink when dry, and permit a circulation of air through every part, and swell tightly together at the first drop of rain, stitched into squares with splints of wood, make walls, roof, and partitions—all permitting a speedy removal of the whole establishment.

But few doors or other openings are necessary; the cooking is done outside, and meals served on the front piazza; neither chairs, tables, nor beds are required among a people who sleep on rolls of matting, and sit cross-legged; so the interior appeared rather bare, but was all the cooler.

Just now Labouan is the dullest place imaginable. What it may become when Borneo develops her mineral wealth no one can calculate. Probably there is not a richer island in the world; gold, platina, diamonds, and coal wanting only pickaxes and shovels to gather them from beds barely covered by the soil, while valuable trees, overflowing with gums, wait only to be tapped or cut down for ship-building and furniture.

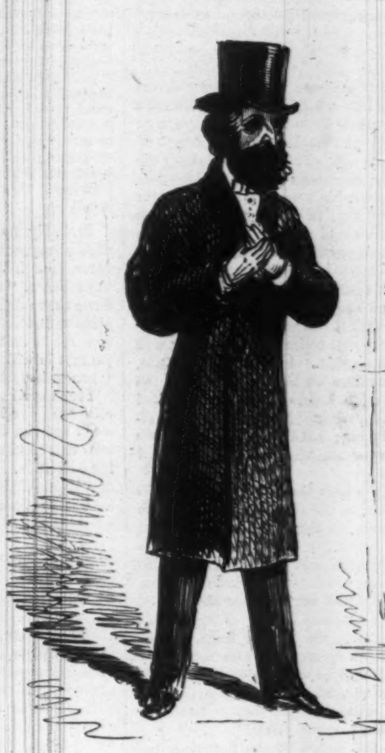
TOWN AND COUNTRY.

WHEN I made that operation in sugar I had no idea how it would result. I had a notion, certainly, that I could get rid of it; Boggs of Chicago, Scroggs of Cincinnati, Hoggs of Columbus, and Poggs of Buffalo, I knew would take the bulk of it; and, without some unforeseen accident, there was no good reason for supposing that I should lose money. I could have carried it several months if it had been necessary. But I never dreamed, in my wildest moments, that sugar would rise from seven to ten cents, and that on my little operation I would realize — well, it don't matter how many thousand dollars. Suffice it to say, that having, in a moment of expansion, confided to Mrs. Smith the net figure of my profits on that affair, she said to me, "Smith, dear, if that is the case, we must go and live in the country."

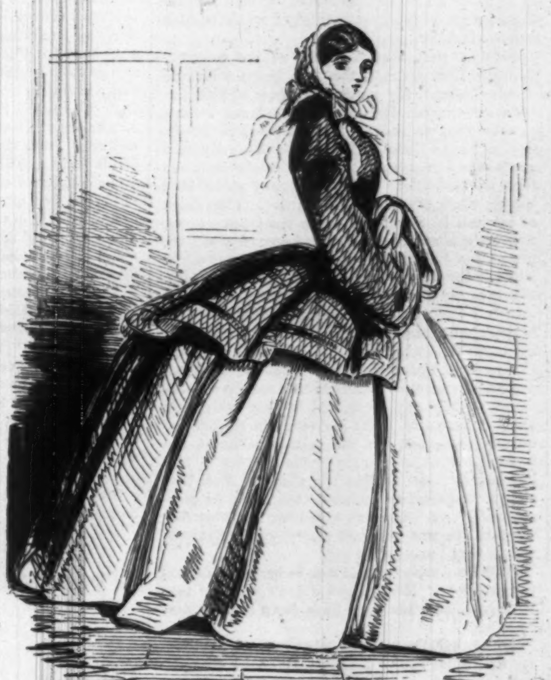
The result of that confidence of mine was that my neighbor Dimity, who is in the dry-goods line, sold me his place in Jersey for —— dollars, being, as he declared with many oaths (Dimity is a profane talker, having been at one time a militia dragoon), just what the exotics on the place had cost him. The land and house were thus thrown into the bargain; and I congratulated myself on having pleased Mrs. Smith—which I take to be the First Duty of Married Man—and made a safe operation in real estate at the same time.

I intended at first to have come to the city every day, by favor of the railroad. Though I had retired from the firm of Rum, Molasses, & Co., I had still some little business to arrange, and I calculated that, by spending four hours per day in the cars, I could have two hours in the city, and still take a comfortable breakfast and dinner at home. But I soon discovered that the inconveniences of railway travel were greater than I had supposed. I missed the train several times a week; and after resolving to restrict my visits to the city to Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, I finally came to the conclusion that all I had to do could be done in two days each week. Accordingly, now I go up on Tuesdays and Fridays, and find that I can safely spend the rest of my time on our place.

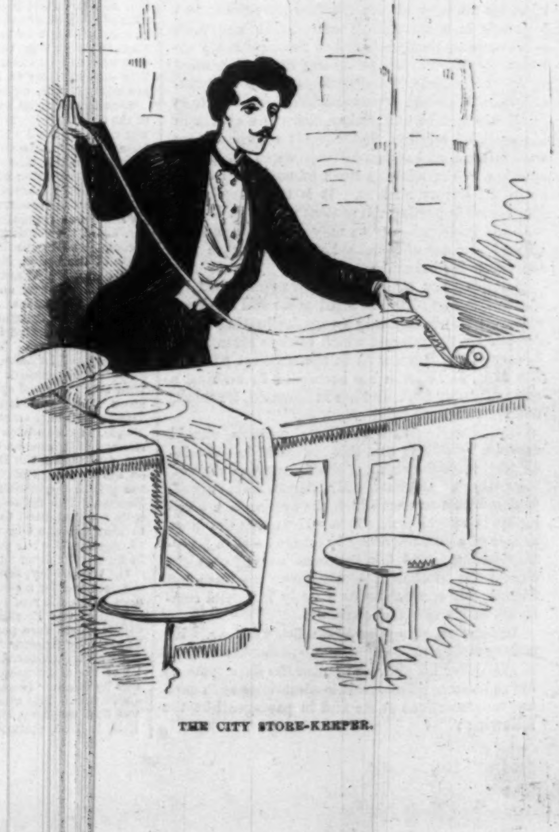
Accordingly I see a good deal of society in our village, and it amuses me to contrast it with what I used to see when we lived in ——th Street. Take the doctor. When we lived in the city, none of my acquaintance wore better gloves or more faultless clothes than our doctor. He was a delightful man, Dr. S——. He always knew what was going on in the world, from the Empire of China to the Brown and Jones clique in ——th Street. He had the latest information about the sad affair between Miss Calico and young La Pluche, and what old Calico had said to La Pluche's father when they met by accident at the Broadway Theatre. He knew exactly how much Commodore Marlinspike had lost at faro at the —— Club. He confided privately to my wife the ultimatum of Mrs. Fauxpas in her unfortunate quarrel with her husband. Then he was so obliging. He took a hand at whist with us; played bagatelle with my sisters-in-law, and once drove my son to see the elephants at the menagerie. He was a thorough man of the world. Our country doctor, on the other hand, is a very good fellow, but his conversation is limited to the subjects of your health and the crops. When he sees you, he either says—



THE CITY DOCTOR.



THE CITY BELLE.



THE CITY STORE-KEEPER.

"Ha! fine growing weather—turnips amazing," or "Show me your tongue—bad digestion—pains in the—hum, ha—requires care, your case—must be careful what you eat."

From these two subjects you can not divert him. If you ask him what he thinks of Seward's chances for the next Presidency, he says that Douglas, who may be President, had an attack of dyspepsia ten years ago, and instead of taking the legitimate remedy, consumed a quantity of quack medicines, and he wouldn't be surprised if he went off the hooks any day, in consequence. If you hint that the matrimonial market is dull, he says that so long as young girls get wet feet, and refuse to take his anti-catarrh-and-inflammation powders, they must expect that men will be shy of marrying them. If you suggest that stocks are declining, he observes that if the weather holds out the mangel-wurzel crop will be immense, and that will regulate the stock market. I know not how it is, but since we came here we have not required the doctor once a month, whereas in the city he called at our house twice a week. No doubt it is the effect of the country air; but I shouldn't like to see a fashionable doctor established near us for all that.

My wife says she sees the contrast most strikingly when she goes to the village to shop. When she did her shopping in the city she was waited upon by a very handsome young fellow, with a lovely black mustache and sweet hands. He spoke in a low voice, which was respectful yet tender, and when he asked her whether she needed flannel he always blushed. This is my wife's story. Now, she says, she finds a huge, rough-looking fellow, in shirt sleeves, who sometimes stares at her as though he would chuck her under the chin, and asks her, when she enters his store,

"Well, Missis, what d'ye yer want? 'lasses, or ribbons, or a stick o' candy? Say!"

Mrs. Smith is not aware of the fact that the rough fellow in shirt sleeves pays his debts, which the fashionable youth in mustache and broadcloth sometimes omits to do; that the one—unpolished as he is—is an honest, hard-working man; while the other often differs very slightly from the regular Jeremy Diddler.

For my part, I am in favor of the country. Compare, for instance, the city belles with the country belles. My cousin Leonora is admitted to be a city belle. Between you and me, I have measured her circumference round the skirt: fifteen feet, as I am a Christian! Do you think any man could afford to marry the whole of a woman fifteen feet round the skirt? He might marry part of her; but the whole fifteen feet—ridiculous! Then listen to her talk! She talks about the Opera, about Stewart's, about the weather, of course, about the prospect of Lucy Flinn's marrying; but you might listen to her for a month without gaining an idea. Whereas my little friend Mary Berry, whose father has the next farm to mine, who wears no hoops or other mechanical contrivances for altering her shape from what nature made it, and who trips along over the grass like a sweet little bird—it is a perfect privilege to be near her, to see the soft radiance of her bright eye, and to hear the gentle tones of her voice. She has very few subjects of conversation; but she can talk sensibly on the books she reads, and on the people she meets. She has latterly been reading the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and has surprised me by her criticisms on the character of Moses. My wife asked her the other day whether she was going to marry young Sturges, who is very tender upon her.

"Oh! no, ma'am," said she, in her simple country manner; "Mr. Sturges doesn't care for me; he only talks to me when he is down here because he is dull."

Altogether, the contrast between town and country strikes me as so full of interest that I send you some sketches, which you may use or not, as you please.

LITERARY.

Bayard Taylor's Northern Travel (in Sweden, Denmark, and Lapland), published by Putnam, is at length out, and will be read with delight by all who admire freshness, freedom, and piquancy in a traveler or writer. It was with some surprise that we heard of the new route selected by Mr. Taylor, promising little of interest to the visitor himself, and perhaps less to the reader whom he should afterward write for. But, as in all else that he undertakes, there is a charm in his style of relation that invests commonplaces with interest, and makes his volume an acceptable addition to the winter's stock of reading, as well as to the library shelves. It is understood that Mr. Taylor is passing the present winter in Greece with his bride, whence we may anticipate observations and notes of increased value for future volumes from his industrious pen.

Parton's Life of Aaron Burr (published by Mason Brothers) has attracted great and deserved attention. It is certainly a very fascinating book. Aside from the interest which always attends the history of Mr. Burr, even in the smallest particulars of it, Mr. Parton has succeeded in making a most charming book, and has in the main, we think, done justice to all parties.

But in saying thus much we, perhaps, should explain, by adding that this justice is, in some instances, more the result of the facts given than of the author's comments. Mr. Parton feels that affection for his subject which the author of a biography is apt to feel. It is seldom that the biographer of a contemporary is otherwise than favorably inclined, and few instances occur in which, during the lifetime of a man's own compeers and friends, any one can write strictly impartial comments on his acts and character.

Mr. Parton struggles against this feeling. He stoutly resists the temptation to praise his subject, to gloss over his sins, and polish the dark spots on his character. The result is sometimes such curious contradictions as we find in passages like the following:

"Aaron Burr, then, was a man of gallantry. He was *not* a debauchee; *not* a corrupter of virgin innocence; *not* a despoiler of honest households; not a betrayer of tender confidences. He was a man of gallantry. It is beyond question that, in the course of his long life, he had many intrigues with women, *some* of which (not many, there is good reason to believe) were carried to the point of criminality. The grosser forms of licentiousness he utterly abhorred; such as the seduction of innocence, the keeping of mistresses, the wallowing in the worse than beastliness of prostitution. Not every woman could attract him. He was the most delicate and fastidious of men."

Probably no one will fail to get from this passage a very correct idea of Mr. Burr's moral character, though Mr. Parton stoutly defends him from the crime of "the seduction of innocence"—a defense that might avail a hundred years hence, but can not in this day, when there are so many who can relate instances within the memory of their parents in which Mr. Burr brought desolation into "honest households."

Perhaps no man ever lived who lived for self as completely and wholly as did Aaron Burr. Personal success, in whatever he undertook, at whatever cost to himself or others, was the impulse of his existence. Whether it was in the achievement of a political plan, the winning of a cause in which he was a counsel, the seduction of a woman, or the gratification of a whim, he asked no question beyond that one, "How shall I best succeed?"

This is the key to his whole life, to his melancholy old age, and his miserable death. All his life long he was a grand ruin. No more so when he lay, at fourscore, on his bed, and groaned out his last breath, than when he deserted the army in Canada, or abandoned his country in his great filibustering expedition. His mind was dilapidated always, from the mere fact that he had no steadfast purpose, no arrangement, no principle, no standard except the desire for immediate success in the matter in hand.

We have not space for longer notice of Mr. Parton's book. It abounds in personal anecdote. It might have contained much more, but we presume he was limited by the size of his book. There is abundant material, in the personal recollections of many of our citizens, for another volume of the same size, but this is enough for the present. The author differs from the late Matthew L. Davis in many respects, and we recommend readers who wish to examine Mr. Burr's character thoroughly to take the two biographies, Davis's and Parton's, and read them together, as we have done. The result will be, to give a fair and full idea of the life and character of one of the most remarkable men of the century, who might have been a man of honor and fame in both hemispheres, but who became a miserable old man, friendless and despised, and found at last a dishonored grave at the feet of his illustrious ancestors.

Lord Palmerston has granted a pension of £50 a year to Mrs. Dick, widow of Dr. Dick, author of "Christian Philosophy," and other works of wide popularity.

Sir Henry Havelock, whose loss the world now deplores, knew how to wield the pen as well as the sword. In 1827 he published a "History of the Ava Campaigns." In a "Memoir of the Afghan Campaign" he has given an animated narrative of the war, in which the storming of Ghuznee and the occupation of Kabool formed memorable events.

Mrs. Clive, author of "Paul Ferrol," is engaged on another novel.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, January 25, in the Senate, Senator Mason presented the report of the Committee on Foreign Relations on the arrest of Walker. The report is lengthy; the gist of it is given in the following resolutions:

Resolved, That no further provisions of law are necessary to confer authority on the President to cause arrests and seizures to be made on the high seas for offenses committed against the Neutrality law of 1818. The Committee find that such power is necessarily implied by the terms of the eighth section of that act.

Resolved, That the place where William Walker and his followers were arrested, being without the jurisdiction of the United States, their arrest was without warrant of law; but in view of the circumstances attending it, and its result in taking away from a Territory and State in amity with the United States American citizens who were there in hostile intent, it may not call for further censure than as it might hereafter be drawn into precedent if suffered to pass without remark.

Senators Douglas and Foot dissented from the report of the Committee. The Bill for the Increase of the Army was called up by Senator Davis, but, after some remarks from Senator Fessenden, further consideration thereof was postponed. The remainder of the day was devoted to the consideration of Kansas affairs, Senators Harlan, Polk, Stuart, Wilson, Davis, and Brown being the speakers.——In the House, a special Committee on the Pacific Railroad was appointed by the Speaker. On motion of Mr. Keitt, the consideration of Matteson's case was postponed. The House having gone into Committee on the State of the Union, Mr. Gartrell made a speech in favor of slavery, Mr. Washburne on the banks and the currency, Mr. Granger on the increase of the army, and Mr. Bingham on Kansas.

On Tuesday, Senator Douglas, from the Committee on Territories, reported to the Senate a Bill for the admission of Minnesota. The deaths of Messrs. Brenton and Lockhart, of Indiana, were reported to the Senate, and eulogies pronounced. The Bill to increase the army was then taken up, and speeches in favor of it made by Senators Davis and Hunter, and against it by Senators Toombs, Hale, Fessenden, Foster, and Seward.——The House, in Committee of the Whole on the Invalid Pensioners' Bill, heard a speech from Mr. Anderson on Kansas, and passed the Bill. It then went into Committee on the Printing Deficiency Bill, and Mr. Phelps spoke on the printing question, Mr. Cochrane and Mr. Keitt on Kansas. The following resolutions were proposed, but were not permitted to be introduced: by Mr. Clingman, to abrogate the Clayton-Bulwer treaty; by Mr. Morris, to negotiate for the purchase of Utah; by Mr. Florence, to fix the 7th June for adjournment.

On Wednesday, Senator Wilson presented to the Senate a resolution for a commission to inquire into the Utah question before resorting to force. Resolutions from Ohio indorsing the President but censuring the Lecompton Constitution were presented by Senator Pugh, severely handled by Senator Wade, and ordered to be printed. Bills were introduced by Senator Davis, from the minority of the select committee on the Pacific Railroad Bill, and by Senator Broderick respecting customs duties in California. The question of the increase of the army was then taken up, and speeches made by Senators Gwin, Bell, Iverson, Simmons, Chandler, and Davis.——In the House, on motion of Mr. Zollicoffer, a resolution was adopted for information on the Utah question. The House went into committee on the Printing Deficiency Bill, and speeches on slavery, Kansas, Mormonism, and filibusterism were made by Messrs. Davis, Leach, Avery, Thompson, and Giddings.

On Thursday, in the Senate, Senator Foot introduced an amendment to Senator Davis's Pacific Railroad Bill. Senator Slidell reported a bill prohibiting the issue of bank-notes by corporations or individuals within the District of Columbia, or the issue in the District of bank-notes under $50 by corporations or individuals without the District. A resolution was adopted, on motion of Senator Hamlin, directing the Committee on Commerce to inquire into the propriety of repealing the Lighthouse Board Act. The Army Increase Bill being taken up, speeches were made by Senators Hale, Davis, Toombs, Stuart, Fessenden, and Greene. Senators Slidell and Pearce spoke on the question of presenting a medal to Commodore Paulding.——The House, in Committee on the Printing Deficiency Bill, heard speeches, chiefly on Kansas, from Messrs. Shaw, Burnett, Harris, Smith, Cousins, Hickman, and Sherman.

On Friday, the Senate not being in session, the House went into Committee of the Whole on the Printing Deficiency Bill, and speeches, chiefly on the question of the printing, were made by Messrs. Burnett, Letcher, Phelps, Crawford, and Nichols. The House then adjourned.

KANSAS AFFAIRS.

There is but little to add to the items of news given last week respecting the Kansas imbroglio. Mr. Clarkson, the bearer of the Lecompton Constitution, has arrived at Washington. There was a rumor early in the week that Mr. Calhoun had thrown out certain votes, cast at the recent election, which had been returned to Governor Denver instead of himself, and that thereby the Pro-Slavery party had secured control of the Kansas Legislature; but the story lacks confirmation, and is generally discredited. It is generally supposed that the Administration adheres to its purpose of making the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution a party measure. Several caucuses have been held to ascertain the relative strength of the two parties in the Senate and in the House; various conflicting results are given in the daily papers. It seems likely that the President could command a majority in both Houses.

THE UTAH EXPEDITION.

The Administration has received advices from the Utah Expedition which it has been thought advisable not to publish. Colonel Cooke's report of his march across the plains has been published; it describes the sufferings of the troops and cattle as fearful and heart-rending. Some additional items have been brought by a late bearer of dispatches. Captain Marcy was expected back about the middle of April, and soon thereafter transportation would be effected, and Colonel Johnston would make an effort to enter Salt Lake City. Colonel Johnston's impression, from the demonstrations made in the valley, is that the troops will have to fight. At Judge Eckel's Court of Session a great many presentments were made to the Grand Jury, involving business enough for two or three weeks. The Committee of Congress on Mr. Bernhisel's case are expected to report that there is no ground for expelling him.

THE ADMISSION OF MINNESOTA.

The bill reported by Mr. Douglas, from the Senate Committee on Territories, declares that Minnesota shall be admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original States in all respects whatever. It provides that the State shall be entitled to one Representative in Congress, and such additional representatives as the population may show they are entitled to according to the present ratio of representation, leaving the House to ascertain the number when the full returns of the census shall be received, presuming that the residue of the returns will be received by the time the bill shall become a law. So far the ascertained population is 136,461, with seven counties and part of another to hear from.

STATE LEGISLATURES.

The New York Legislature has organized at last, by the election of Alvord (Democrat) as Speaker, and Wilson (Know Nothing), Clerk.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania has authorized the Governor to open a correspondence with the Governors of other States for the purpose of calling a convention for the adoption of measures to prohibit notes of a less denomination than five, ten, or twenty dollars.

PERSONAL.

The following description of Lord Napier's ball in honor of the Princess Royal's marriage is from the *Times:*

"The cards were issued for 9½ o'clock. Within an hour after between four and five hundred guests had assembled, presenting an array of intellect, station, beauty, wealth, and distinction in the various departments of life such as was never collected before under one roof in Washington, heightened by accessories which contributed greatly to the striking and brilliant effect of the spectacle. Every important branch of the Government was represented. Miss Lane, who so becomingly presides at the White House, and who had not appeared in society during the winter, was present, to testify the respect of the President's household. The Cabinet attended either in person or through their families. The whole diplomatic corps, in full court costume, resplendent with orders and insignia, united in doing honor to the celebration. All the prominent officers of the army and navy, in uniform, with the grand person of General Scott towering, in its fine proportions, above them, rendered more noticeable by the military trappings of a Lieutenant-General, mingled with the throng. The leading members of both branches of Congress, of all parties and sections, were also present. British and other foreign Consuls from the principal ports, in their official dress, added to the general interest. Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other cities, contributed their quota of representation through citizens eminent in the learned professions."

The *States*, in describing the costumes at the last President's reception, says: "Several of the belles wore their hair dressed with flowers *à l'Ophelia*, the drooping flowers and tendrils giving a becoming effect to their profiles."

The *Southern Chronicle*, published at Orange Courthouse, Virginia, says: "We learn that the remains of Mrs. Madison were brought from Washington by her nephew, Mr. Cutts, on Wednesday, the 13th ult., and deposited in the cemetery at Montpelier, near the monument recently placed by the citizens of this county over the grave of her husband. This, we understand, was in compliance with a wish expressed by Mrs. Madison herself. Circumstances unavoidable have heretofore delayed it. It would, however, have been consummated when the Madison monument was erected, in September last, if her relatives in Washington had known at the time that this was about being done."

Miss Petit, the Virginia authoress, is, we understand, to give a series of Shakspearian readings through the Southern cities. She can not fail to make a sensation, for in addition to genius of a high order, her personal attractions are remarkable. Her face and head are in themselves a study of classic beauty, while her voice has all the soft rich music which belongs to the accents of her clime. Those who are familiar with that exquisite production of poetry and passion, "Light and Darkness," will need no other inducement to attend these readings than the natural desire to behold the fair and brilliant authoress.

A letter from an officer on board the United States steamer *Powhatan* states that ex-President Pierce and Mrs. Pierce had both improved in health, though the latter had suffered considerably from sea-sickness. The officers and crew were all well, and the ship in fine order. She reached Madeira on the 27th of December, in sixteen days from Norfolk, after a rough passage, and was to have sailed for St. Helena on the 5th of January.

A young lady in one of the leading circles at Washington was complimented by a gentleman on the simplicity and good taste of her dress at an evening party. She replied, "I am glad you like my dress, it cost just seven dollars, and I made every stitch of it myself." When young ladies pride themselves upon the cheapness of their attire, instead of its expensiveness, we shall have fewer "broken" fathers and husbands.

Rev. John M. Reid, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, a member of the New York East Conference, has been elected to the Presidency of the Genesee College, in place of Dr. Cummings, recently elected to the Presidency of the Wesleyan University. He will accept, and enter upon his duties at the commencement of the next term.

The following paragraph is from the Washington correspondence of the *Herald:* "A novel scene was witnessed at the White House yesterday, with the 'Old Folks Concert Professionals' and the President. During their call they proposed to sing, and requested Mr. Buchanan to name the song. He named 'Sweet Home,' which they sung with effect, making the Presidential mansion echo with their voices."

Peter Cagger has left Albany for Washington, says the *Knickerbocker*, to hunt up a foreign mission for John V. L. Pruyn, leaving behind him much legislative patronage undisposed of. The following is given as the list of office-seekers who called at his office during the afternoon of Wednesday:

"Eighty-seven married men, one hundred and twenty-three single men, four hundred and sixty-one women, three hundred and ninety-two boys, and ninety-three fat wood-venders. Owing to the rush, Hill and Porter had to vacate the premises and leave for home."

The Detroit *Free Press* notices the passage through that city of a man having in charge a raving maniac, who was secured in a box for safety, on his way from Minnesota to Maine. The box was just sufficient to allow of his turning round in it, but not large enough to allow of his harming himself. When it was taken out of the cars it was set up on end, and the raving, gibbering maniac looked through the bars at the crowd who gathered around curiously, and beckoned to them to come and release him. He was taken out of his cage at Marshall and fed.

When Mrs. B., the actress, was making a summer excursion in the country, she was accompanied by her husband, and a party of his and her friends. One of these was Mr. ——, formerly a pilot on the Boston station, who had laughed and grown fat so long that he had become, like Woolsey, a "man of unbounded stomach." Some one asked, "Who is this large man in Mrs. B.'s suite?" "That," said his informant, "is Mr. ——; he is a pilot." "Exactly," was the response, "I should think he was—pauncheous Pilate!"

Judge Bosworth, of the Superior Court of this city, is confined to his bed with a severe attack of the pleurisy.

Judge Duer, of the same Court, who fell and broke his thigh a few weeks ago, is improving rapidly.

W. Carey Jones and secretary have taken formal leave of the Government of Nicaragua.

Ex-President Tyler is lying very ill at his residence, "Sherwood Forest," Charles City County, Virginia. He has been suffering for several weeks past with a severe chronic attack.

Mademoiselle Rachel had a narrow escape of being buried alive. Eleven hours after the telegram reached Paris of her death, she was still breathing. The operator who came to embalm first felt the carotid artery, and was startled to find pulsation. The truth was known at once, and she only died in the evening.

It is reported in Washington that General Persifer F. Smith will have command of the eastern division of the army in Utah in the next campaign, if Scott goes to California.

Mr. John J. Palmer, President of the Merchants' Bank, is, we learn, ill with paralysis. He was struck with the disease a few days since, but yesterday his symptoms were pronounced favorable, and it is likely that he will soon recover.

Mr. John J. Eckel, held on his own recognizances as a participator in the Burdell murder, has been set completely at liberty, a *nolle prosequi* having been entered.

Mr. George Taylor having married clandestinely a young lady named Emma Hawley, has found out that he is wrong in his speculations and has no right to her. The maiden wife having testified in *propria persona* that she would not go to George—she would not live with him, speak to him, write to him, or look at him, the Judge decided that she might go where she chose, and she thereupon walked off with her mother, brother, and friends, leaving the hapless husband to mourn over the hopes that left him.

There are four ladies in the Utah military expedition against the Mormons. They are Mrs. Governor Cummings, Mrs. Colonel Canby, Mrs. Tyler, and Mrs. Burns. Mrs. Cummings froze one of her feet while crossing the mountains.

Senator Sumner writes, from Boston, that his health has so much improved that he will go to Washington in time to vote upon the Army Bill.

Ex-Governor Grimes was elected United States Senator from Iowa, on the 25th January, by twenty-one majority.

George Vail, of New Jersey, has been appointed Consul to Glasgow.

The famous Chippewa Chief, "Hole-in-the-Day," best known for his efforts in arresting the Spirit Lake murderers, was killed in a duel at Crow Wing, Minnesota, on the 12th inst. His adversary was a Mr. Giggy, a citizen of Crow Wing. The cause of the duel was an insult given to Mr. Giggy, by the Chief, while drunk. Three shots were fired by each party, Mr. Giggy receiving a ball in the right side. At the second fire, Giggy was wounded in the left side. It was with difficulty that he could stand up for the third fire; but the Indian Chief would not agree to settle the difficulty, and the third fire was exchanged, and poor Hole-in-the-Day was shot through the heart.

There are grave doubts as to the death of Dr. Vogel, the celebrated African traveler. Several Mecca pilgrims from the interior coincide in the assertion that Abdul Wahed (Dr. Vogel) has not been killed, but is kept prisoner by the Sultan of Waday, who, according to their description, is not only a very severe, but also a very covetous and astute man. Baron Neimans has gone in search of the missing traveler.

A. Jennings Wise, son of Governor Wise, and Robert Ridgway, editor of the Richmond *Whig*, have a quarrel and personal conflict, and have been arraigned before the Mayor, to prevent them from fighting a duel, and each held to bail in the sum of $3000.

Mr. Parton, the biographer of Aaron Burr, is understood to be engaged in preparing a Life of General Andrew Jackson, for which he obtained much new material while writing the life of the great "conspirator."

The Fredericksburg (Virginia) *Herald* states that Colonel Daniel Ruggles, United States Army, who has been on a visit to his friends in that section of Virginia, left on Friday morning for Jefferson barracks, where he will be engaged in receiving recruits and preparing for the spring campaign, which the army has before it in Utah Territory. Colonel Ruggles's regiment (the 5th infantry) is now west of the Rocky Mountains.

Mr. Theodore Parker delivered a lecture at New Bedford on Tuesday night, and among other things wise and witty he said: "The aristocratic families of Boston began from some bare-legged and bare-footed ancestors, and by-and-by will become bare-legged and bare-footed again." Mr. Parker himself came into the world without a shirt to his back, or a pocket to put a penny in; and in view of this historical fact, we do not see the utility of railing at others whose condition was no worse than his own.

A public meeting was held on the 13th ultimo in Scottsville, Albermarle County, Va., at which resolutions were adopted denouncing the arrest of Walker, and demanding the dismissal of Commodore Paulding from the service. A correspondent of the Charlottesville *Advocate* says: "After the adoption of the resolutions the meeting adjourned, and repaired to Jefferson's Mount, a very commanding eminence, which rears its lofty summit far above the tallest house which adorns the village, and after successive yells from the large and excited crowd which had congregated to see and hear, the image was set on fire and consumed, amidst the loud and enthusiastic shouts of an indignant population."

At the Museum, in Leicester Square, London, there is now on exhibition the veritable ceremonial robe of that "Hindoo demon of a Nena Sahib," as the Bombay letters describe him, which is daily inspected by immense crowds. The shawl alone is said to be worth a thousand pounds sterling, and is a most perfect specimen of India workmanship.

Mr. John Oothout, who for nearly thirty years past has been well known to our citizens as the President of the Bank of New York, died last week, at his residence, No. 33 Waverley Place, after a long illness. Mr. Oothout's was a familiar face in Wall Street for many years past, and his death will be widely regretted. He was a man of great experience in monetary affairs, and his loss will be severely felt by the institution over which he presided so ably for many years.

The new Douglas mansion in Washington, says the Boston *Post*, is palatial in dimensions, and is furnished in excellent taste. The largest parlor (of which there are three) is nearly as large as the east room in the White House, and is adorned by a large and fine collection of pictures, many of them purchased by Mr. Douglas while in Europe.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE APPROACHING MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

Every thing connected with this now rapidly-approaching event is proceeding as speedily as possible. In the works at St. James's Palace such great progress has been made that some days before the time appointed the whole will be completed. Every thing will be as perfect as possible; and when the state apartments and Chapel Royal are thrown open to the public, there will be but one opinion as to the great taste that has been displayed in these decorations and improvements. The number of workmen of all classes has been increased, and the works go on continuously from six in the morning until 11 o'clock at night—in some departments even later—in order that as much may be done as possible before the Court comes to town, which is expected to be either on the 14th or 15th January at latest. At the wedding some of the highest families in the empire will be represented in the persons of the young ladies who will have the honor of officiating as bridesmaids. Among the families thus honored will be those of the Dukes of Richmond, Newcastle, Hamilton, Sutherland, and Athol; and those of the Earls of Derby and Clarendon. The names of these fair representatives of the high aristocracy are said to be Lady Cecilia Lennox, Lady Susan Pelham Clinton, Lady Susan Murray, Lady Catherine Hamilton, Lady Emma Stanley, Lady Constance Villiers, and Lady Cecilia Molyneux, sister of the young Earl of Sefton.

COSTUME OF THE BRIDAL PARTY.

A London journal says: "The costume which her Majesty will wear at the marriage of the Princess Royal and Prince Frederick William will be of peach-color *moiré antique*, with Honiton lace flounces, being the same which the Queen wore at her own wedding. The bridal costume of the Princess Royal will, we understand, be of rich white *moiré antique*; the lace dress of exquisite Honiton *guipure*, consisting of three flounces, the body being trimmed to match. The vail will be of Honiton *guipure* lace, which will be worn in a style completely novel in this country for bridal costume, and will be attached to the head with magnificent Moorish or Spanish pins. The dress and vail are splendidly worked, the emblem being the rose, shamrock, and thistle. The latter has employed fifty girls for the last twelve months. This new style of vail was entirely her Majesty's suggestion, and the carrying out of the idea has met the approbation of the Queen. The cost of this production will be about £600."

AN ANECDOTE OF THE PRINCESS.

An Edinburgh paper contains the following anecdote of the Princess Royal: "Several years ago, when quite a young girl, a matron, for whom her Royal Highness had a special liking, had added one more to her husband's family. The baby, of course, was an object of superlative interest; and, when the christening was about to take place, the Princess asked to be permitted to attend and act as godmother. This was freely agreed to. The day came, and so did his Presbyterian reverence, but the expected godmother, from some cause, did not make her appearance, and after a little the ceremony went on in her absence. It was barely concluded when the Princess came, breathless with haste and excitement. On being told how matters stood, her undisguised feelings found vent in a sorrowful 'Oh! but couldn't you do it over again?' When the court left Balmoral last summer, the dependents were invited up to the lawn to bid farewell to her Royal Highness. The feelings of the Princess so overcame her, however, that she was unable to make her appearance before them, and the Prince Consort bade adieu on her behalf. It is a cherished hope that they will yet see her at Balmoral, though her home must now be at a foreign court. Invitations to be in London at the Princess's marriage have been sent, by her own special request, to Dr. Robertson, the Prince Consort's commissioner, and to Mr. Grant, the head game-keeper at Balmoral.

THE LEVIATHAN TO BE LAUNCHED AT LAST.

The *Leviathan* has been pushed to within half a dozen feet of the extremity of the launching ways. She was to remain in that position until the prevailing spring tides were over, when she would be pushed off the ways, and so await the high tides of January to float her.

PRINCE ALBERT TO BE KING.

The *Court Circular* thinks the time is come when the Prince Consort's position should be "rectified," and that he should receive the style of King. It informs its readers that "his right to that honorary style does not rest with the volition of Ministers or with the pleasure of the people. It is the law of England since the days of Henry VIII. that the husband of a peeress in her own right shall, if he has issue by her, be tenant, by courtesy, of her barony, earldom, etc. This rule, it is said, applies, not by right but 'by grace,' to the spouse of the reigning sovereign; but the law of grace is just as potent in a question of this nature as is the law of right. It is clearly within the personal prerogative of the Sovereign to order and command that the Consort of the Crown shall, in all such things as title, place, and precedency, have and enjoy the attributes of royalty."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY QUEEN VICTORIA.

An Antwerp paper mentions that Queen Victoria, who has of late devoted much time and displayed great talent in the art of photography, has lately sent the Empress Eugénie, as a New Year's present, a charming album full of photographs taken by herself. On the leaves of this very unique work are to be found portraits of the royal children in the costumes of various Shakspearian characters, the portrait of Prince Albert, together with views of Windsor Castle, Balmoral, and Osborne House.

CHEAPNESS OF MONEY IN LONDON.

On the 14th ult. the Bank of England reduced its rate of discount to 5 per cent., being the lowest point touched for fifteen months. It was anticipated that a further reduction would take place in a week or two. The discount houses have reduced the rates of allowance at call from 4½ to 3½ per cent. The Joint Stock Bank has reduced the rate for deposit to 3 per cent. This action of the Bank imparted firmness to the Stock Market. Choice paper was negotiated in the discount market at 3½ to 4 per cent.

IS HAVELOCK A BARONET?

We hear it questioned in some quarters whether the baronetcy intended for General Havelock does not formally fall to the ground, from the fact of the death of the lamented General preceding the date of the patent. He died on the 25th of November, and the baronetcy was conferred on the 26th. It may therefore be an error to describe Captain Havelock as "Sir Henry Marsham Havelock, Second Baronet." Lady Havelock is Lady Havelock by reason of Sir Henry having been previously created a K.C.B. The grant voted by Parliament is also not yet completed, the bill authorizing it having been postponed till after the recess. Some entirely new arrangement must therefore be come to. It is understood that the Queen will date his patent as a Baronet on the day he entered Lucknow.

FRANCE.

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE EMPEROR.

The *Moniteur* of 15th January gives the following account of the attempt to assassinate the Emperor:

"Last night, at half past eight o'clock, at the moment of their Majesties' arrival at the Opera, three explosions of shells were heard. A number of the crowd who were standing by the door-way, several of the soldiers of the escort, and of the Garde de Paris, were wounded, two of them mortally. Neither the Emperor nor the Empress was touched. A piece of shell, however, pierced his Majesty's hat; and General Roguet, Aid-de-camp in waiting, who was sitting in the carriage, was slightly wounded on the back of the head. The carriage itself was much shattered. The Emperor and Empress, on entering the Opera, were received with the warmest enthusiasm. The course of the performance went on as usual. On hearing of the event which had taken place, their Imperial Highnesses Jerome Napoleon and the Prince Napoleon, the Princess Mathilde, as well as Prince Murat, the Ministers, several Marshals and great functionaries, the members of the diplomatic body, and the Prefects of the Seine and of Police, the Procureur-General of the Court of Paris, and the Procureur-Imperial, attended their Majesties. The 'instruction' was at once commenced, and several arrests were effected. Their Majesties left the Opera at midnight. The Boulevards were spontaneously illuminated, and a vast concourse of people cheered the Emperor and the Empress most enthusiastically and touchingly as they passed on their way to the Tuileries. On arriving there their Majesties found a great number of persons, among them the Embassador of England, the President of the Senate, members of the diplomatic body, and several Senators, waiting to offer their congratulations."

Another account says: "The Emperor's face is slightly scratched by fragments of glass. The Emperor and Empress are perfectly well. At twelve o'clock the imperial family attended a solemn mass, with the ministers of state. The conspirators are Italians. Four have been arrested. They came from England, and belong to the sect of assassins. Fifty-two persons were wounded, some dangerously, by the three shells thrown at the carriage."

THE FUNERAL OF RACHEL.

The correspondent of the London *Times* says: "The funeral of Mademoiselle Rachel took place this morning. At eleven o'clock a large crowd attended at the Place Royale, where the deceased resided. The remains arrived on Saturday night, and were, in conformity with the Hebrew ritual, watched by two women, who recited prayers by the side of the coffin. At twelve o'clock the body was deposited in a hearse drawn by six horses; the coffin was covered with a white pall, sprinkled with silver stars, and on it a crown of *immortelles*. The Grand Rabbi of the Jewish Consistory of Paris, dressed in a black gown, or *soutane*, with a cincture of the same color, walked immediately after the hearse. The chief mourners were the father, the brother, and the two sons of Mademoiselle Rachel. The corners of the pall were held by Alexandre Dumas, *père;* Baron Taylor; M. Maquet, President of the Society of Dramatic Authors; and M. Geoffray, of the Theatre Française. The *cortége*, consisting of sixteen mourning and a considerable number of private carriages, moved on to the Jewish burial-ground, which is at the extreme end of Père la Chaise, by the Place Royale, the Rue Bas du Mule, and the Chemin-Vert. An immense crowd, among whom were all who are most celebrated in art and letters, followed. All the theatres in Paris were represented by deputations composed of the principal artistes. On arriving at the gate of the cemetery the coffin was laid on the ground, and the Rabbi recited, in Hebrew and in French, the Prayer of the Resurrection; after which it was borne to the grave, the Rabbi chanting the 91st Psalm. When the coffin was lowered into the earth, he repeated aloud, and in Hebrew, the prayer called *Haskabe*, and then a prayer in French. Speeches were made by MM. Jules Janin, Bataille, and Maquet. That of M. Janin was particularly effective when he alluded to the loss, within so short a time, of all that was celebrated, glorious, and free; and he expressed his regret that the deceased was not eulogized by a man who only was competent to do so, but who was now in exile—namely, M. Victor Hugo. The family of the deceased then threw handfuls of earth on the coffin, the grave was filled up, and all was over. The crowd was immense, and several detachments of cavalry were on the spot to keep order."

RACHEL'S RELIGION.

A Milan journal, the *Bilancia*, announces that Mademoiselle Rachel, having embraced the Roman Catholic faith, was baptized on the 18th ultimo; but the authenticity of this statement, though repeated in other quarters, is doubtful. It is very positively stated that, on Saturday (the day before her death), she sent to Nice for a Jewish Rabbi, who performed, by her bedside, the service *in extremis* prescribed by the Jewish religion.

AN AMERICAN CLIPPER'S ESCAPE FROM MARSEILLES.

A letter from Marseilles, dated January 10, gives the following story: "Since yesterday the whole town has been talking of a strange affair, which it is thought may give rise to serious diplomatic complications. You remember the fearful collision between the *Lyonnais*, a French steamer, belonging to the Messrs. Gauthier Brothers, and the *Adriatic*, an American ship, when the former vessel foundered. Upon that occasion the American captain left the scene of the disaster without troubling himself about the result, and on reaching his destination omitted to make any mention in his report of the unfortunate occurrence. Several months having elapsed, the Messrs. Gauthier learned that the *Adriatic* was lying at anchor in the harbor of Ciotat. An order was instantly obtained to sequestrate her and bring her here, where a stricter surveillance is maintained in the port. Captain Durham lost no time in protesting against this measure, and appealed to our Tribunal of Commerce, in which the pleading of a young *avocat*, M. Aycard, himself an American by descent, gained the day for his client. From this judgment the French owners of the *Lyonnais* appealed to the Court of Appeal at Aix, and the cause was brought before that tribunal, when the previous decision was quashed, and the American ship declared a lawful prize. During the proceedings in this latter court the *Adriatic* was unrigged. Captain Durham was not the man to submit quietly to an adverse sentence, and, accordingly, in concert with one of his fellow-countrymen, he devised the following scheme: The ship *Meaher*, commanded by Captain Smith, was also under sequestration on account of a heavy debt contracted by her, and which had not been paid. Captain Smith, a daring and resolute fellow, contrived to bring her alongside of the *Adriatic*. This manœuvre being effected, the *Meaher's* cargo was shifted in a very short time to the hold of the *Adriatic*, on board of which at the same time the other's rigging was transferred. The captain then followed, and at three o'clock in the morning of Saturday last the *Adriatic* passed the Joliette port. At this point there is always on duty a boat of the Custom-house, and the officer who was in her hailed the ship, when Captain Durham leaned over the side. 'Are your papers all right?' asked the officer. 'Oh yes,' answered the captain. 'What's the name of your ship?' 'The *Moon*,' replies he, and out to sea the *Adriatic* goes, though condemned to be sold for the benefit of Messrs. Gauthier, with her double cargo. Her departure was not perceived till broad daylight, and then a complaint was lodged, but a whole day had been lost. They say that the Prefect ordered out the *Chacal*, a war paddle-steamer stationed in the old port, and away she has gone to catch the *Adriatic*, if she can. She has not returned from her chase, and our seafaring men think the American has run into some creek along the Spanish coast. Captain Smith, just before his departure, bought three guns, other arms, and some powder, all of which were conveyed from the *Meaher* to the *Adriatic*. This curious affair will, perhaps, not so easily be settled."

THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA TO BE ROBBED OF ITS TREASURES.

A member of the Académie des Sciences of Paris, who is also an eminent chemist, has invented an apparatus which he thinks will enable human beings to breathe as freely at the bottom of the sea as on the surface of the earth. He proposes to form an association for collecting all the treasures now lying at the bottom of the ocean, and estimates at about £800,000,000 sterling the harvest of treasure to be gleaned on the route between England and India only.

A NEW IMPERIAL ORGAN.

The Paris correspondent of the *Herald* says: "A new journal has made its appearance, under the auspices of M. G. de Cassagnac, deputy of the *Corps Legislatif*, and one of the principal writers of the *Constitutionnel*. Its first article is from Cassagnac himself. Under the title of '*Silence de l'Orgie*' he sets forth his views on journalism, literature, and the new drama, and his object in publishing a new journal. His words are worthy of remark: 'It must be evident to all men that at the present day political journals, without having lost their utility, have lost a little of their importance. Generally speaking, when the political press is strong it is because the ruling power is weak. For writers to take up questions it is necessary that ministers should have let them slip from their hands; and as power must necessarily exist somewhere, it falls into the hands of journalism as soon as the government can not hold it. But as soon as a beloved and energetic power is established in a country which shows itself jealous of its work, and accomplishes it manfully, questions and affairs remain within the circle of government; or when they leave it, they leave it sifted and settled. This is precisely the position in which France now is, after many years of confusion and struggles. The government governs. The executive power is at the Tuileries and in great bodies of State, and not in half a dozen ink-stands. Public opinion and public interests follow their natural guides, instead of losing themselves in a thousand labyrinths, the tracks of journalists, tribunes, etc. The press envenomed questions without solving them; the government solves them without envenoming them. Let us praise God for it.'"

INDIA.

THE LATEST NEWS.

The weekly mail from Bombay, with dates of the 24th December, had reached Alexandria when the last European steamer left. It contained nothing from Oude or Cawnpore, owing, it is presumed, to the continued interruption of the mail between Calcutta and Bombay. The garrison at Futtepore was pressed by the insurgents, and they had abandoned part of their intrenchments, and taken up another and more secure position. A column from Delhi, under Colonel Seaton, attacked a body of insurgents at Genowree, and defeated them, killing 150, and taking three of their four guns. Three British officers were killed and one wounded. The insurgents in the neighborhood of Jubbelpore were attacked on the 29th of November, without decisive results. Reinforcements were advancing to Jubbelpore. The Rajah of Aamjheer and his Minister had been tried and sentenced to death. The Minister was hanged, but the sentence against the Rajah awaited the confirmation of the Governor-General. Other executions had also taken place. The Punjab, Scinde, and Bombay were all quiet. No further rebel depredations were reported, and quiet generally prevailed.

THE DEFENSE OF LUCKNOW.

The official report of Colonel Inglis, recounting the wonderful defense of Lucknow, has just been published. It is full of interest, and we make a few extracts:

THE DEATH OF LAWRENCE.

"It is my very painful duty to relate the calamity which befell us at the commencement of the siege. On the 1st July an eight-inch shell burst in the room in the Residency in which Sir H. Lawrence was sitting. The missile burst between him and Mr. Couper, close to both, but without injury to either. The whole of his staff implored Sir Henry to take up other quarters, as the Residency had then become the special target for the round-shot and shell of the enemy. This, however, he jestingly declined to do, observing that another shell would certainly never be pitched into that small room. But Providence had ordained otherwise, for, on the very next day, he was mortally wounded by the fragment of another shell, which burst in the same room, exactly at the same spot. Captain Wilson, Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-General, received a contusion at the same time. The late lamented Sir H. Lawrence, knowing that his last hour was rapidly approaching, directed me to assume command of the troops, and appointed Major Banks to succeed him in the office of Chief Commissioner. He lingered in great agony till the morning of the 4th July, when he expired; and the Government was thereby deprived, if I may venture to say so, of the services of a distinguished statesman and a most gallant soldier.

THE LAST ASSAULT OF THE ENEMY.

"On the 5th September, the enemy made their last serious assault. Having exploded a large mine, a few feet short of the bastion of the 18-pounder gun, in Major Apthorp's post, they advanced with large heavy scaling ladders, which they planted against the wall, and mounted, thereby gaining for an instant the embrasure of a gun. They were, however, speedily driven back with loss, by hand grenades and musketry. A few minutes subsequently they sprung another mine close to the brigade mess, and advanced boldly; but soon the corpses strewed in the garden in front of the post bore testimony to the fatal accuracy of the rifle and musketry fire of the gallant members of that garrison, and the enemy fled ignominiously, leaving their leader—a fine-looking old native officer—among the slain. At other posts they made their similar attacks, but with less resolution, and every where with the same want of success. Their loss upon this day must have been very heavy, as they came on with much determination, and at night they were seen bearing large numbers of their killed and wounded over the bridges in the direction of cantonments.

THE NATIVE SHARPSHOOTERS.

"Our heaviest losses have been caused by the fire from the enemy's sharpshooters stationed in the adjoining mosques and houses of the native nobility, the necessity of destroying which had been repeatedly drawn to the attention of Sir Henry by the staff of engineers; but his invariable reply was, 'Spare the holy places, and private property too, as far as possible;' and we have consequently suffered severely from our very tenderness to the religious prejudices and respect to the rights of our rebellious citizens and soldiery. As soon as the enemy had thoroughly completed the investment of the Residency, they occupied these houses, some of which were within easy pistol-shot of our barricades, in immense force, and rapidly made loopholes on those sides which bore on our post, from which they kept up a terrific and incessant fire day and night, which caused many daily casualties, as there could not have been less than 8000 men firing at one time into our position. Moreover, there was no place in the whole of our works that could be considered safe, for several of the sick and wounded who were lying in the banqueting-hall, which had been turned into a hospital, were killed in the very centre of the building, and the widow of Lieutenant Dorin and other women and children were shot dead in a room into which it had not been previously deemed possible that a bullet could penetrate. Neither were the enemy idle in erecting batteries. They soon had from twenty to twenty-five guns in position, some of them of very large calibre. These were planted all round our post at small distances, some being actually within fifty yards of our defenses, but in places where our own heavy guns could not reply to them, while the perseverance and ingenuity of the enemy, in erecting barricades in front of and around their guns in a very short time, rendered all attempts to silence them by musketry entirely unavailing. Neither could they be effectually silenced by shells by reason of their extreme proximity to our position, and because, moreover, the enemy had recourse to digging very narrow trenches, about eight feet in depth, in rear of each gun, in which the men lay while our shells were flying, and which so effectually concealed them, even while working the gun, that our baffled sharpshooters could only see their hands while in the act of loading.

THE SUFFERINGS OF THE TROOPS.

"I can conscientiously declare my conviction that few troops have ever undergone greater hardships, exposed as they have been to a never-ceasing musketry fire and cannonade. They have also experienced the alternate vicissitudes of extreme wet and of intense heat, and that, too, with very insufficient shelter from either, and in many places without any shelter at all. In addition to having had to repel real attacks, they have been exposed night and day to the hardly less harassing false alarms which the enemy have been constantly raising. The insurgents have frequently fired very heavily, sounded the advance, and shouted for several hours together, though not a man could be seen, with the view of harassing our small and exhausted force, in which object they succeeded, for no part has been strong enough to allow of a portion only of the garrison being prepared in the event of a false attack being turned into a real one. All, therefore, had to stand to their arms and remain at their posts until the demonstration had ceased; and such attacks were of almost nightly occurrence. The whole of the officers and men have been on duty night and day during the eighty-seven days which the siege had lasted, up to the arrival of Sir James Outram, G.C.B. In addition to this incessant military duty, the force has been nightly employed in repairing defenses, in moving guns, in burying dead animals, in conveying ammunition and commissariat stores from one place to another, and other fatigue duties too numerous and too trivial to enumerate here. I feel, however, that any word of mine will fail to convey any adequate idea of what our fatigue and labors have been, labors in which all ranks and all classes, civilians, officers, and soldiers, have all borne an equally noble part. All have together descended into the mine, all have together handled the shovel for the interment of the putrid bullock, all accoutred with musket and bayonet have relieved each other on sentry, without regard to the distinctions of rank, civil or military. Notwithstanding all these hardships, the garrison has made no less than five sorties, in which they spiked two of the enemy's heaviest guns and blew up several of the houses from which they had kept up their most harassing fire. Owing to the extreme paucity of our numbers, each man was taught to feel that on his own individual efforts alone depended in no small measure the safety of the entire position.

DEFERRED HOPES.

"We sent our messengers daily calling for aid and asking for information, none of whom ever returned until the twenty-sixth day of the siege, when a pensioner named Ungud came back with a letter from General Havelock's camp, informing us that they were advancing with a force sufficient to bear down all opposition, and would be with us in five or six days. A messenger was immediately dispatched, requesting that, on the evening of their arrival on the outskirts of the city, two rockets might be sent up, in order that we might take the necessary measures for assisting them while forcing their way in. The sixth day, however, expired, and they came not; but for many evenings after officers and men watched for the ascension of the expected rockets, with hopes such as make the heart sick. We knew not then, nor did we learn until the 29th of August—or 35 days later—that the relieving force, after having fought most nobly to effect our deliverance, had been obliged to fall back for reinforcements, and this was the last communication we received until two days before the arrival of Sir James Outram on the 25th of September.

THE LADIES.

"The mortality among the women and children, and especially among the latter, from these diseases, and from other causes, has been perhaps the most painful characteristic of the siege. The want of native servants has also been a source of much privation. Owing to the suddenness with which we were besieged, many of these people who might perhaps have otherwise proved faithful to their employers, but who were outside the defenses at the time, were altogether excluded. Very many more deserted, and several families were consequently left without the services of a single domestic. Several ladies have had to tend their children, and even to wash their own clothes, as well as to cook their scanty meals entirely unaided. Combined with the absence of servants, the want of proper accommodation has probably been the cause of much of the disease with which we have been afflicted. I can not refrain from bringing to the prominent notice of his lordship in council the patient endurance and the Christian resignation which has been evinced by the women of this garrison. They have animated us by their example. Many, alas! have been made widows, and their children fatherless, in this cruel struggle. But all such seem resigned to the will of Providence, and many, among whom may be mentioned the honored names of Birch, of Polehampton, of Barbor, and of Gall, have, after the example of Miss Nightingale, constituted themselves the tender and solicitous nurses of the wounded and dying soldiers in the hospital."

GENERAL WYNDHAM'S DEFEAT.

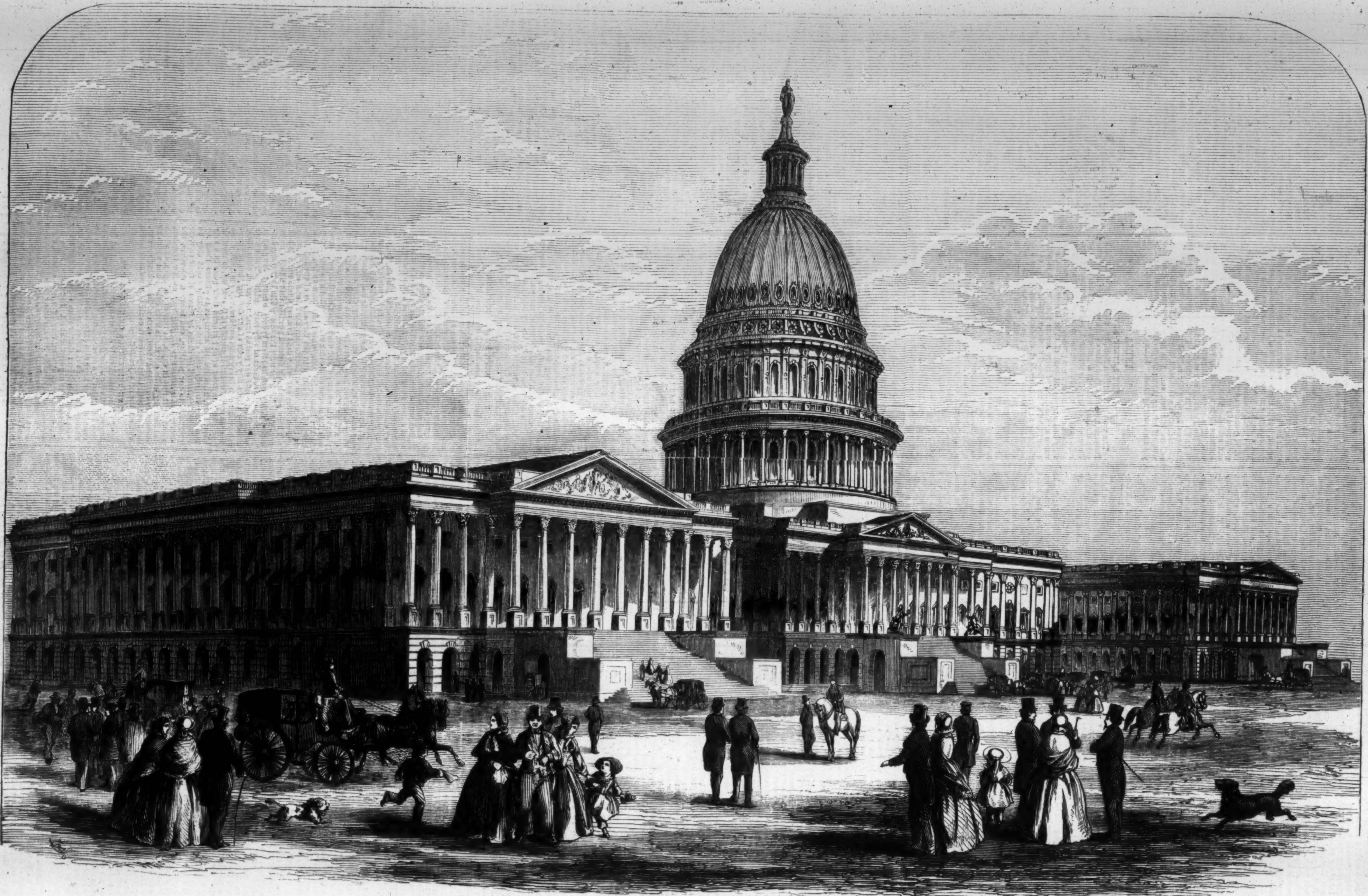
The Indian correspondent of the London *Daily News* thus describes Wyndham's defeat: "General Wyndham, marching at the head of more Europeans than the lamented Havelock had ever had under his command, went down, confident of success, to attack the rebels. Our troops, accustomed to be led to victory, went on with their usual dash, the 64th, one of Havelock's victorious regiments, leading. They charged a battery in the left centre of the enemy's line, and gained it, the enemy yielding to them at every step. By advancing the other regiments to support the 64th, the victory would have been assured; but they were left alone, and the enemy closing on them with their left wing they suffered severely; they were compelled to abandon the guns they had gained. The want of a general was every where conspicuous, confusion reigned on all sides; no distinct orders were issued, and our troops had to beat a hasty, it may be called a disgraceful retreat into the intrenchments, leaving standing camp, stores, camp equipage, and the entire station of Cawnpore to the west of the Canal in the hands of the enemy. Our loss was proportionately heavy, and several of our men, and even some officers, fell alive into the hands of the enemy. It was stated in private letters that one of these was forthwith hanged, and a second beaten to death with shoes, and a third tied to a cart-wheel, which in a few successive revolutions crushed him to death. Our camp and stores they burned, and that same evening advancing close to our intrenchment, they took possession of and burned the whole of the cold-weather clothing for our men, which had been stored up at Cawnpore. On the following day the rebels attacked the intrenchment, commencing with a very heavy cannonade from the right and left of their line. Wyndham attempted a sortie, in which, after some hard fighting, the Rifles managed to capture two guns, but our right were driven back with much loss. It was the sound of the firing on this day which reached the ears of Sir Colin Campbell; a messenger at the same time arrived with accounts of the critical state of Wyndham's party. Had the rebels at this time cut the bridge of boats, which affords the only means of communication with Oude, Sir Colin Campbell would have found it a difficult matter to cross the Ganges; but the rebels, not expecting his return, and making sure of Wyndham's force, were probably anxious to avail themselves of the bridge of boats to crush Sir Colin Campbell. At all events they let it remain, and by so doing were lost."

THE NAVY MEN IN ACTION.

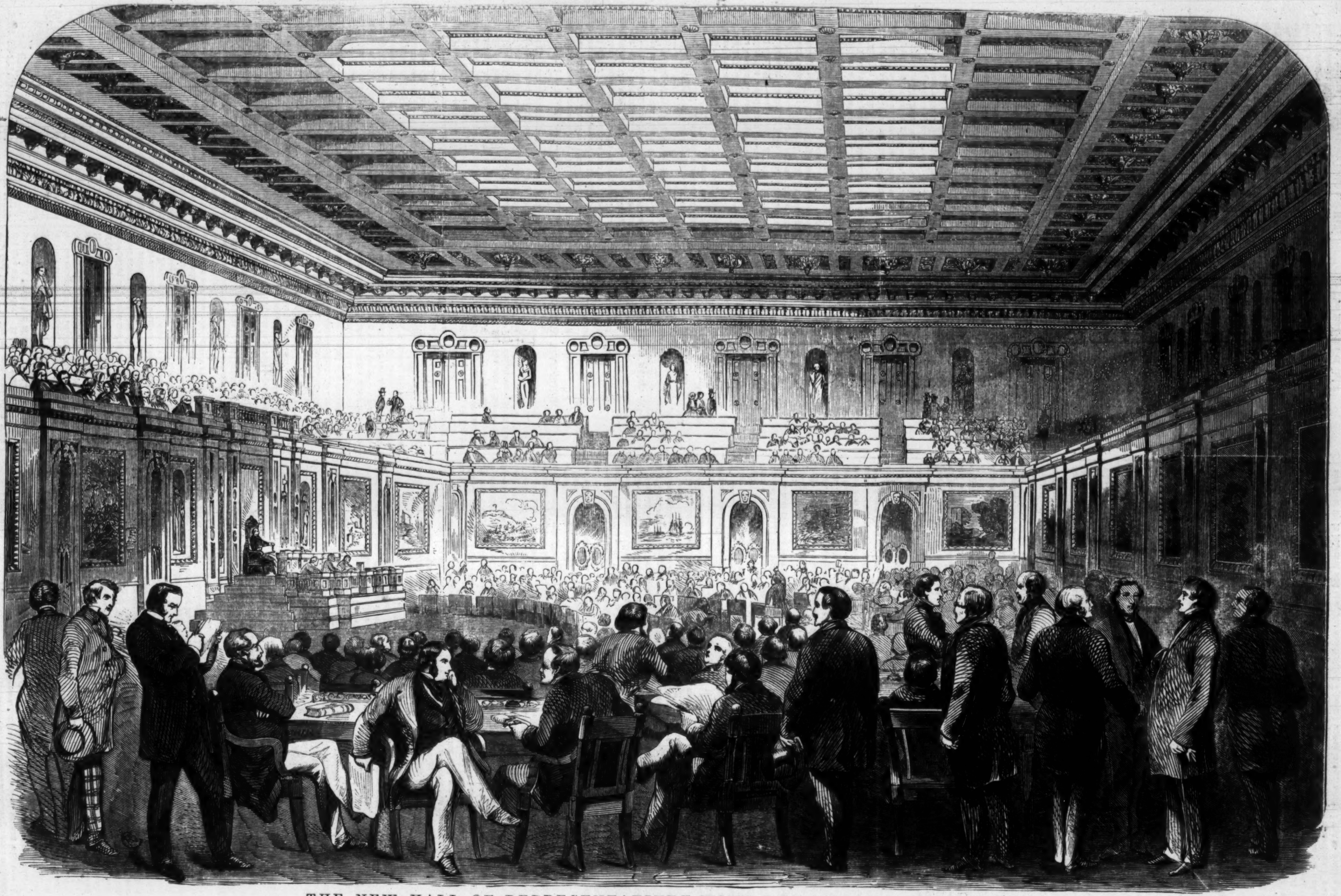
The following is from Sir Colin Campbell's account of the attack on Lucknow: "The Shah Nujjeef is a domed mosque with a garden, of which the most had been made by the enemy. The wall of the inclosure of the mosque was loopholed with great care. The entrance to it had been covered by a regular work in masonry, and the top was crowned with a parapet. From this, and from the defenses in the garden, an unceasing fire of musketry was kept up from the commencement of the attack. This position was defended with great resolution against a heavy cannonade of three hours. It was then stormed in the boldest manner by the 93d Highlanders, under Brigadier Hope, supported by a battalion of detachments under Major Barnston, who was, I regret to say, severely wounded; Captain Peel leading up his heavy guns with extraordinary gallantry within a few yards of the building, to batter the massive stone walls. The withering fire of the Highlanders effectually covered the naval brigade from great loss, but it was an action almost unexampled in war. *Captain Peel behaved very much as if he had been laying the Shannon alongside an enemy's frigate.*"

HAVELOCK'S HABITS.

A letter from Calcutta says: "This model of a Christian knight has found that rest which he seldom knew on earth. It may interest your readers to be told that even on such arduous service as the Afghan campaign and the siege of Jellalabad—where he was almost the only officer who supported Broadfoot in maintaining, against the opinions of both Sale and Macgregor, that Jellalabad should be defended and not surrendered—even there Havelock invariably secured two hours in the morning for reading the Scriptures and private prayer. If the march began at six, he rose at four; if at four, he rose at two."



THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON, WITH THE NEW EXTENSIONS.



THE NEW HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES, WITH THE MEMBERS IN SESSION.

THE CAPITOL EXTENSION AND NEW HOUSE OF CONGRESS.

WE gave some time since a picture of the House of Representatives, at Washington, in the old hall. We now present our readers with two illustrations—one representing the Capitol with the new extensions, and the other the new Hall of Representatives with the members in session.

The sensation of the visitor, on approaching the Capitol for the first time, is that of disappointment, from the fact that he beholds it from the west or rear, which is the least attractive point of view. When the city was laid out the Capitol was made the centre, from which radiated numerous broad avenues, extending almost to the confines of the "Territory of Columbia;" and as it was presumed that the most thickly-settled portion of the city would be on the hill, the principal façade of the building was placed so as to be presented to that section. When the present and many succeeding generations shall have passed away; when the vast extent of territory embraced within the boundaries of these United States shall have been filled up with a busy, active, and thriving population; when the city of Washington shall have become, in deed and in truth, the centre of the mightiest nation on earth—then will this no longer be an evil. The prophetic eye of the *Pater Patriæ*, looking along the vista of the future, saw the wilderness of the West, where he had hunted the Red man from his lair, teeming with a population numbered by millions; and in laying out the capital of that great nation which he saw must arise here, as the result of free institutions, he was governed by the wants of such a people, and his plans were coextensive. It was fortunate for that nation that to him was left the duty of selecting the site and designing the plan; that the partisan spirit which, even then, had its influence upon the councils of Congress, did not override the interests of the future, and limit that plan by a narrow-minded policy, which should ever be a cause for regret and animadversion. Experience has proved already the wisdom of his selection, and it is a notable fact that many, if not most, of the improvements in and about the city, which are now being carried into effect, had their origin in his mind—as, for instance, the supplying the city with pure and wholesome water from the Potomac at Little Falls. This was one of the features which probably recommended the site, and the aqueduct now being constructed proves the feasibility of the design.

The Capitol at Washington was commenced in 1793; the corner-stone was laid on the 18th September of that year by President Washington. But little progress was made toward carrying out the original plans. Accommodation was provided for the national legislature; but the embargo and war supervening, the work was suspended. During the war, as is known, the interior of both wings of the Capitol was destroyed by the British. When Congress met, after the peace, it assembled in a private building provided by the citizens of Washington.

In 1815, Congress made an appropriation for rebuilding the Capitol. The work was done under the superintendence, first of Mr. Latrobe, and subsequently of Mr. Bullfinch; it was completed in 1825, and cost a sum of $3,000,000.

The old Capitol—as it must now be called—sufficed the Members of Congress for twenty-five years. But before this period came to an end, there was a general outcry for more room. After much outside debate, Senator Hunter, in 1850, took the initiative in proposing that measures be actively taken for the enlargement of the Capitol. On his motion the Committee of Public Buildings was authorized to advertise for plans for the work. Some thirty to forty designs were accordingly submitted. Among these, the one which was preferred by President Fillmore was one from Mr. C. F. Anderson, of New York, which obtained the strenuous support of the late Daniel Webster.

Strange to say, after accepting Mr. Anderson's design the President intrusted the duty of carrying it into effect to another gentleman, Mr. Walter. The corner-stone of the extension was laid on the 4th July, 1851, the orator of the day being Daniel Webster, whose oration still lingers in many memories. In 1853 the work was transferred from the Interior to the War Department, and Captain Meigs, of the Engineers, was placed in control, Mr. Walter, the architect, continuing to assist him with his counsels. The number of persons who have thus had the matter in hand has not, as may be imagined, conduced to unity of purpose in carrying out the work; many changes have been made, and experiments attempted, at no slight cost; whether the result will be satisfactory to the public and to the several professional men who have had their will on the building remains to be seen.

The extensions consist of two wing buildings, at the north and south extremities of the old Capitol, and connected with it by corridors. These buildings are each 152 feet 8 inches by 324 feet, the sides being more than twice the length of the front and rear. There are porticoes on each face, with magnificent rows of columns and fine statuary. The pediments are to be adorned with statues designed by Crawford, some of which are now being cut in marble under the direction of the Superintendent of the works. We shall take occasion to refer to these extensions again as the work progresses.

The new Hall of Representatives, which has been the subject of so much discussion of late in the press, is in the centre of the first story of the new extension, south. It is a room 139 feet long, 93 wide, and 36 feet high. The members' desks, which number 300 altogether, are arranged in a semicircle; the reporters have seats behind the Speaker, and spectators are accommodated in a large gallery running round the room, and capable, it is said, of seating 1200 persons. The desks and chairs of members have been got up "regardless of expense." The former are of plain oak, with carvings on the back; the chairs are antique, high-backed affairs, covered with red Morocco.

Two objections have been taken to this new Hall. The first is, that it has no communication with the free air of day. It has no windows. Light penetrates through a stained glass square in the ceiling; over which, at night, gas-burners are lit. The idea of the architect is, that they can ventilate the Hall by pumping fresh air in, and providing an escape for the impure atmosphere which has been breathed by members. But this diving-bell arrangement does not meet with general approval. It is urged that until fresh air, pure from the vault of heaven, can be got into the hall without the intervention of pumps and tubes, cases of paralysis must occur very frequently among members who are attentive to their duties. Reference is made to the similar experiment which was made in the new Parliament Houses in London, where the pumping system was quickly abandoned, and the old plan of letting in fresh air by the windows finally adopted. It would seem as though the contrivers of the new Hall had given so much attention to the subject of acoustics that they overlooked the minor matter of sanitary arrangement.

Some critics have caviled at the profuse and gaudy decorations of the new Hall. It will be perceived, on glancing at the picture on the preceding page, that the wall is laid out in panels—each panel being intended to receive a historical painting in fresco. The mouldings are painted in the brightest colors; and the stained glass in the ceiling, on the same plan, represents, in panels, the arms of the various States of the Union. The general effect, says one of the Washington correspondents, is dazzling and meretricious; one is reminded of a fashionable saloon in a gay capital, rather than the place of meeting of national legislators. One sighs for something more in keeping with the gravity of the interests to be adjusted in that room, and the sober air which ought to pervade the debates of an American Congress. Time, however, will do much toward softening the defects which these critics deplore. A few years will wonderfully mellow the bright colors of the panels and moulding: the gilding will wear away, and a solemn dun hue will gradually overspread the chamber.

Let us hope that the debates which shall take place in that Hall shall put to shame any meretricious adornment which may now provoke the sarcasms of critics; and that the new Chamber may never be disgraced by any deeper stain than a few ill-judged daubs of bright paint.

A MOSLEM WAR-SONG.

BY M'DONALD.

OH! the wine
Of the vine
  Is a feeble thing:
In the rattle
Of battle
  The true grapes spring.

When on force
Of the horse,
  The arm flung abroad
Is sweeping
And reaping
  The harvest of God.

When the fear
Of the spear
  Makes way for its blow;
And the faithless
Lie breathless
  The horse-hoofs below.

The wave-crest,
Round the breast,
  Tosses sabres all red;
But under
Its thunder
  Is dumb to the dead.

The drop
From the top
  To the sear heap below;
And deeper
Down steeper
  The infidels go.

But bright
Is the light
  On the true-hearted breaking;
Rapturous faces
Bent for embraces
  Wait on his waking.

And he hears
In his ears
  The voice of the river,
Like a maiden,
Love-laden,
  Go wandering ever.

Oh! the wine
Of the vine
  May lead to the gates;
But the rattle
Of battle
  Wakes the angel who waits.

To the lord
Of the sword
  Open it must;
The drinker,
The thinker,
  Sits in the dust.

He dreams
Of the gleams
  Of their garments of white;
He misses
Their kisses,
  The maidens of light.

They long
For the strong,
  Who has burst through alarms,
Up, by the labor
Of stirrup and sabre,
  Up to their arms.

Oh! the wine of the grape is a feeble ghost;
But the wine of the fight is the joy of a host.

THE STORY OF A MAN OF BUSINESS.

I DID not wait to hear the messenger conclude his sentence. Before the last word had died on his lips I was in the saddle, and, putting the spurs to my horse, I dashed away. Only one thought was in my heart, and yet I could not help, even in that mad gallop over the hills, drinking in, through my senses, my fill of beauty. White and still lay the moonlight over the fields on either side. I could see my shadow stretch, Centaur-like, upon the green sward. Not a breath of air was stirring—it was one of those rare nights such as sometimes the late fall gives us—pearls snatched from the necklace of the summer. Pure and white and silent was the matchless hour; and yet I was riding on through its stillness toward the home where the woman lay dying who was to die for me.

Involuntarily I slackened my rein as I approached it. This was my old habit, when Lilias had stood at the gate to meet me, and I had paused a little to look upon her exceeding beauty, and heighten, by a moment's delay, the rapture of her welcome. It was all a delusion, I know, but I almost thought she stood there now! Under the lilacs by the gate I saw, or seemed to see, the gleam of a white robe; to catch the outlines of a slight, girlish figure; the light of a waiting, expectant face! But it was not she. Lilias Hunt would stand there never again. In that upper chamber, on whose windows the mocking moonlight shone, I knew well that she lay dying. Never again, in all time, would those light feet spring to meet me. Never again should I hear the glad echoes of that voice, sweeter and merrier than all the birds of the forest, as she tripped beside me along the steep paths of the woodland. How could I go in and look upon her now? I stayed my feet at the very gateway.

Again that curious sense took possession of me by means of which the mind, utterly absorbed in one great danger or sorrow, yet takes note of the minutest particulars of surrounding objects. I saw how peaceful was the scene—how the old brown farm-house, battered and stained by the winds and rains of a whole century of years, looked now, in the white moonlight, like a sentient thing, weary and gone to sleep. A faint, sweet scent came from the almost leafless boughs of the sweet-brier at the door. Along the path leading up to it from the gate were autumn blossoms—astors and dahlias; I could even distinguish their colors.

It might have been five minutes, or five seconds, in which I saw all this—I can not tell. Suddenly a voice seemed to say to me:

"Go in there now, you who have killed Lilias! Go in and look upon her before she dies. Wipe the death-sweat from her forehead, and ask her to forgive you, now she is going where the rich and the poor shall all be alike!"

I turned, but no one was near. There was nothing round me but the stillness of that beautiful night; only, far off, from among a clump of fir-trees in a distant corner of the yard, came again the last words of the sentence, sighed out like the low refrain of some tune—sorrowful, yet triumphant:

"Where the rich and the poor shall all be alike."

My heart gave one wild, tumultuous throb of anguish. I pushed open the outer door, which was already ajar, and went in. Her mother met me at the foot of the stairs—not weeping, but with a pale, speechless sorrow upon her worn face, more pitiful than any tears.

"I know the way, Mrs. Hunt; let me go to her alone."

She did not speak—she made a motion for me to proceed. Quick as thought I sped up the stairs, and stood within the room where Lilias lay. It was lighted only by the moon-rays. I could see how like herself it looked—pure and neat, and very, very quiet. She was all alone. I went up to her and would have spoken, but something in her face stopped me. A smile sat upon it of ineffable peace. Her dark hair fell heavily over the pillows. Her lips were closed, and one hand lay outstretched upon the coverlet. Tremblingly I touched it. Oh Heaven! how cold it was. Those fingers that had been wont to thrill at my lightest touch lay like ice in my clasp. O God! was I then too late? In all the anguish of that wild night-ride this worst fear had never once come to me.

No need now to rain repentant tears—to press throbbing kisses upon that marble brow; and yet the tears fell, and the kisses—wild enough almost to have awakened from the long sleep of death her who had so loved me—were dropped upon her forehead; and yet she stirred not. Crushed and broken was my lily, drooping in this world's cold soil; and the great Gardener had only lifted her up to bloom forever in the fields of the upper country! But it availed me nothing now to know that she was gone where the world's cold breath could never again chill her. I would have given more than my life but to have seen those pale lips unclose for one moment—but to have heard her voice say just once, "Harry, I forgive you!"

I *loved* Lilias Hunt. Standing this moonlight night—just such a night as that one was, twenty years ago—standing in memory by that death-bed, I tell you I loved her as I never loved another—as man seldom loves woman. And yet my cruelty broke her heart. God forgive me!—I can never forgive myself.

She and I were children together. Both our parents were poor. We had walked to school through the flowery lanes in summer, and in winter I had drawn her upon my little sled. When she grew up to innocent and beautiful maidenhood the love of our childhood had strengthened with our years. I saw in her the ideal woman who was to crown my life. A purer creature never walked forth under the light of heaven; a more beautiful woman, I think, God never created than Lilias Hunt, in her glad, innocent youth. I loved her, but I never asked her to marry me. Bad as I am, I never could have broken my plighted troth. My parents had contrived, by severe toil and strict economy, to assist me in obtaining a very good education, and at twenty I left home to study law with a distinguished attorney in a neighboring county. My parting with Lilias was playful, and yet, in my heart, was the hardest struggle I had ever undergone. I had resolved not to tell her my love, and yet it seemed almost impossible to leave her without. I told her she must give me a lock of her hair—a keepsake for the memory of the old school-days. After a little entreaty she consented, and then she said, in a laughing tone, assumed—as I knew it was—to conceal deeper feeling:

"And now, Sir Absolute, you shall lose one of your own brown curls, just by way of retaliation. What a wound your vanity will get, to be sure, for I shall take the very prettiest one, and you'll miss it in your morning devotions before the mirror!"

I submitted laughingly to her illustration of the *lex talionis*, and I went away with her tress of hair lying close to my heart. I have been looking at it to-day. It is dark, and soft, and shining as ever, though the white brow round which it used to wave has been still and pulseless for twenty years under the daisies of the church-yard.

When I left Mayfield that morning, despite my sorrow, a lover's hopes lay warm and strong at my heart. I was young, vigorous, and possessed a fair share of talent. I was sure to succeed, so Hope whispered. I would win a name and a position, and then I would come back to my dove-eyed Lilias. All my struggles should be ennobled by her memory—should have her for their reward.

It was no wonder that I made rapid strides. I think Judge Wentworth was pleased with me. He used to tell me that my future was certain, if I could but hold out as I had begun. I have told you that I was poor. I had neither time nor money to spare for frequent visits to Mayfield. I had resolved to remain six months in Windham before going home, even for a day. In the mean time I did not allow myself the luxury of writing to Lilias. It would not be right, I thought, until I could ask her to share my life. She had never said that she loved me; but I had seen her cheek flush and her soft eye kindle at my coming, and I knew that I could trust her. I was contented to wait.

Three months of my absence had passed away, when, one morning, Judge Wentworth said to me,

"You have heard of my niece, Clara Barton? Mrs. Wentworth and I have long considered her as an adopted daughter. She has taken the place of our own children, whom God saw fit to take away. She has been absent on a visit ever since you came here; but this morning we expect her back, and I want you to join us at tea to-night, and make her acquaintance. There is very little society here at all suited to her taste, but you and she will have many things in common."

I had heard, through other sources, of Judge Wentworth's orphan niece—of her pride, her wealth, her rare beauty. I could hardly expect to be received into her society on a footing of equality, but I was very curious to see her. All I had heard of her, however, had not prepared me for the vision which greeted me when I entered the Judge's parlor.

Among all the women I have ever met I have never seen Clara Barton's peer. Lilias was quite as beautiful; but between them was a difference, not unlike that which exists between a wild rose, hanging fair and fragrant and wet with dew upon its parent stem, and some regal blossom of the tropics, lifting its proud head in lonely grandeur under the fiery beams of southern suns, and filling the air with a fragrance subtle, intoxicating, dangerous. I stood still for a moment at the door, forgetful of courtesy and propriety, and looked at her.

She was a woman not much more than twenty, but her form was full, mature, regal. She was above the medium height, and yet not exactly tall. She wore a plain white dress, with no ornaments save a band of curiously-wrought African gold on each rounded arm, a bunch of crimson roses upon her bosom, and another drooping low in her jet-black hair. Her forehead was low and smooth, with the black, shining hair waving away from it, and gathered, Grecian fashion, in heavy coils at the back of her neck. Her complexion was a clear, dark olive, with a rich crimson tint that came and went in the cheeks. Her mouth was small and proud. Her face indicated a strong and positive will, and her great black eyes were full of slumbering fire and power. Nothing, I repeat, could have been more unlike Lilias. In cultivating the acquaintance of this haughty beauty I apprehended no danger to my heart.

She did interest me exceedingly. Her conversation was brilliant beyond any thing I had ever before listened to; her thoughts were fresh and original, and she reserved most of them for me, seldom exerting herself to talk much with others—a tacit compliment to which no man's vanity is ever insensible.

The history of the events that followed, in one blind, dizzy whirl, my first introduction to Clara Barton, is so incomprehensible, even to myself, that I despair of ever making it clear to another. I loved Lilias Hunt—God knows I loved her!—and yet—but I will not anticipate.

I had not known Miss Barton long before I discovered—how, I can not to this day tell, for she never descended for one moment from the pedestal of her own dignity—that she loved me, and was resolved to be my wife. I was flattered by her preference, as, I think, any man would have been; but for a long while every beat of my heart was faithful to Lilias. I was daily invited to the Judge's on one pretext or another. Sometimes it was a book I was to bring; a song I was to practice with

Clara; a rare flower I was to examine; and sometimes I went because it had become my habit to go, and I was lonely away. After a time I began to listen to the voice of ambition. I was proud and poor. Next to love, ambition was the regnant passion of my nature; for a time it overpowered even love itself. I had known what poverty was. From my childhood it had stung me, crushing out warmth and light from my life. If I married Lilias we must both suffer its stings together. Our children must grow up to struggle with it as I had done. No leisure for the æsthetic part of life; no means to surround one's self with works of art, choice books, rare pictures. And in return for these privations what should I have? A low, soft voice, like Lilias Hunt's own, spoke in my heart, and answered—"Love;" but the tones of ambition hushed it into silence. Tauntingly, they said to me:

"You have seen love and poverty in the home of your childhood. Did love make poverty less grim? Did it keep your mother's eye bright and her cheek young? Did it shed a silken lustre over her faded calico gown? Marry your pale, fair Lilias, if you will, and see her eyes grow dim with care, her hands grow coarse, her slender figure bowed and thin; and then look into those eyes and try to recall the bright young Lilias of your love till your tears come, at the very contrast. Or, marry Clara Barton; be Judge Wentworth's partner and adopted son; be the husband of a wife, rich not only, but cultivated, graceful, accomplished, fairer than any of the houris in Paradise—loving you, too, with all the might of her tropical heart. Leave Lilias in maiden peace. You do not know that she loves you—you have never asked her—and by-and-by some other will woo and win her, one rich enough to set worthily the gem of her bright young beauty—to make her happier than you ever could."

Alas! even then the thought that any other should ever make the happiness of Lilias Hunt smote my heart with a sudden, deathly pang. To stifle it I went out of the house—it was an afternoon in the late summer—and walked hurriedly toward Judge Wentworth's. I had no purpose in this visit, beyond the wish to divert my mind from unwelcome thoughts; and yet it must have been fate or Providence which led my steps there at that hour. I pushed open the door without knocking, as was my habit since I had become such a familiar visitor, and went into the parlor. Clara Barton was its only occupant. She raised her head from the arm of the sofa as I went toward her. She had been weeping. A bright red spot burned on either cheek, and round, shining tears still glittered upon her heavy lashes. Her eyes flashed, and her voice was full of pride and passion.

"I did not want to see you, Mr. Lincoln. You had no right—you of all others—to come stealing upon me thus—to surprise me in my weakness."

Was it I, or some demon voice within me, which answered her? In that hour my soul fell from its high estate. I sat down beside her, and put my arm around her. I said,

"Give me the right — me of all others — Clara, to share all your sorrows—to shield you from grief, as far as in me lies, through the whole of our two lives."

I had crossed the Rubicon. There was no longer any room for repentance, though I might seek it ever so wildly, with tears and anguish.

Her answer was a burst of passionate tears. That proud head sank upon my shoulder—that little hand, flashing with jewels, was laid in mine—and, almost before I knew it, I was betrothed to Clara Barton. And yet never had my love for Lilias surged in my heart more wildly than in this very moment, when I had raised up between us an invincible barrier forever! I saw her then as I had seen her last, standing in the shadow of the lilacs at the farm-house gate, her tender eyes sad and misty with the sorrow of parting; her sweet, pale face uplifted to the summer sky. But she was my Lilias no longer, even in hope. Forever and forever must roll between us the inexorable tide of a destiny of my own creating. Ah, I wonder if Clara Barton felt the passionate beats of the heart against which her head was resting, and thought they were for her!

Well, in three months more I was a married man. I never knew exactly how this happened. I certainly had not expected it myself. I think it all originated with Clara, whose influence with the Judge was unbounded. At all events he sounded me on the subject, and gave the plan his warmest approbation. He did not believe in long engagements, he said; Clara's fortune would be enough for us both; I might as well be married, and continue my studies afterward. And so, one warm November day, I walked up the church aisle with a stately figure, robed in bridal satin, upon my arm, and went out again — a husband. I wonder if there was a single hour of real happiness in the winter which followed? I had striven to cast the memory of Lilias Hunt out of my heart, and sometimes, with my wife's superb head lying upon my breast, looking into her matchless eyes, toying with her magnificent hair, I cheated myself into believing that I was happy. My ambition was satisfied; my taste for wealth and splendor was fully gratified; I was no longer the poor student, with his uncertain way to work out alone. Rich and influential friends were around me; power and fortune were in my grasp; and for these things I had given up love and Lilias.

I think Clara loved me truly, but it was with a passion like her nature, self-willed and imperious. She had little in her character of self-abnegation or silent fortitude.

I did not carry her to Mayfield until the next spring. My parents did not rejoice in my good fortune as earnestly as I had expected. In especial, I could see something of disappointment in my mother. I think she had suspected my love for Lilias Hunt, and she would have far rather seen me married to a gentle, loving woman in my own rank in life than the possessor of Clara Barton's fortune. Still she received my wife lovingly, for my sake; but I could see that my humble home was but a dull place for Clara, and I determined to cut our visit short.

The day before we left I was driving through the town in my own luxurious carriage, with my wife beside me. Going slowly along a well-known road, I met Lilias Hunt and her father, face to face. They, too, were riding in their humble, old-fashioned wagon; and as they slowly drew near I could see them distinctly. O God, that white, white face! Was that my Lilias? As she saw me she crimsoned to her very temples, and then turned pale as death. Slowly I saw her beautiful head sink and sink, till she lay, like one dead, across her trembling old father's knees. I would have given all the world but to have snatched that fair head to my bosom — to have covered that pale brow with my kisses; but I was a slave, as is every man or woman who sells heart and hand for wealth and a name. I drove on, and left Lilias Hunt lying there in her father's arms, without one word.

"Poor thing, I should think she had the consumption!" said my wife, carelessly, as we passed along. "Do you know her, Harry?"

I do not think the finest alchemy of even the most jealous love could have detected any change in my voice as I answered,

"I used to; her name is Hunt."

The next day we left Mayfield. Oh, how glad I was to go back to business — to drown, or strive to drown, in the great turbulent battle of life, one weak woman's voice, whose tones must haunt me forever; to bury myself in study, closing doors and windows, and shut out the gleam of one pale, still face. And yet there were hours when memory was omnipotent—when I looked on my wife's proud beauty, or listened to her words as one in a dream—and my heart kept its sorrowful tryst beside the lilac-trees with Lilias Hunt. All that summer I never heard from her, except that once this brief sentence, in the postscript to one of my mother's letters, filled my heart with a wild, vague sense of dread—

"Lilias Hunt is very feeble, and they doubt if she will ever recover."

It was the late autumn before I again visited Mayfield. This time my wife did not accompany me. The old farm-house was never much to her taste, and I was willing enough to leave her behind.

Almost my first inquiry was for Lilias Hunt. I was told that for some time she had been considered in a decline, but, my mother added, she thought her malady was of the heart rather than the flesh. I had been home only three days when the messenger came who told me she was dying. She had heard of my presence in the village—she wanted to see me.

I have told you of my mad night-ride over the hills, and how, when I stood by her bedside, it was too late. I could only kneel beside her, and rain my repentant tears on eyes that would not open — pour out my agonized prayers for forgiveness to ears that would never again listen. And yet sometimes I think that she heard me, even then, my dead Lilias; that from heaven she has forgiven me, and is waiting on the other side of the river for my coming. God knows!

When they robed her for the burial, her mother found, lying upon her innocent heart, a locket such as her small means could purchase, containing the curl she had severed from my head the last time I ever heard her voice. They left it there.

Twenty years have passed since then. Honor and fame have come to me. My stately, fashionable wife has walked or sat by my side. Merry children have sported round my knee, and grown up to manhood and womanhood; but Lilias has slept on through the years very quietly, with willows waving above her grave, and my hair lying still upon her virgin breast. Ah, I have sometimes thought they buried my heart with it!

MY YANKEE MAID.

I WOULD not give a fig, I swear,
For all the goddesses that share
That spot—that's neither here nor there—
Baptized the Olympian Hill!
Venus, I fear, would be untrue,
The learned Pallas is too blue,
And Juno's known to be a shrew—
An awful bitter pill.

Psyche, pretty butterfly,
Might feel inclined her wings to try—
Besides, she's Cupid in her eye;
The Muses are too bold.
Diana's awful chastity
Would make a dozen men like me,
Who dread Actæon's antlers, flee;
While Hecate is too old.

But give to me my Yankee maid,
In spotless dimity arrayed,
A flower that blooms in woodland shade,
Which I as gardener tend.
Her breath as pure as morning breeze
That, jocund, threads the trembling trees,
Her eyes as blue as summer seas
Where summer sunbeams blend.

I can not sing as Ovid sung,
My harp with rustic cords is strung;
No Hyblæan honey on my tongue
Was dropped by Plato's bees.
But I can chant a simple lay
To please myself, as well as they;
A carol caught from June and May,
And learned beneath the trees.

Oh! I can sing the summer days,
When in New England's woodland ways
We wandered 'til the sun's red haze
Came slanting through the boughs;
How, listening to the cat-bird's note,
And to the oriole's honeyed throat,
And the soft low from fields remote
Sent up by milking cows;

How, while one loving arm embraced
The roundness of her willing waist,
The other hand with hers enlaced,
And cheeks that almost met,
We walked and talked, while rolled the time
As softly as an antique rhyme
To which our hearts beat gentle chime,
Love's passionate duet!

Ah! poets sing Athenian girls
With gold cicalas in their curls,
And eyes like stars, and teeth like pearls,
And necks like Parian stone;
As far as I'm concerned, they may
Forever by Illyssus stay,
Until their braided locks are gray,
And all their charms are flown.

For have I not my Yankee maid,
The bud that blooms in woodland shade,
In spotless dimity arrayed,
To vie with Athens' best?
Ah! had I but the lore to speak
About her to you in the Greek,
You'd find new roses on her cheek,
New beauties on her breast!

SENT TO COVENTRY.

IF I could bring myself to make the Atlantic transit, and spend a week in getting rid of the dismal breakfasts one gets in ships, it would be to see Coventry. My journey thither is not deferred that I may be sent abroad by the Government at Washington. Sanders and Sickles, Buchanan, Carey Jones, Abbott Lawrence, Hannegan, and Bancroft have been embassadors. I would not join that company. Coventry is the oldest kingdom I read of since Livy—the good old Livy, who wisely wrote history up to the traditions of his time, crystallizing in purest Latin those kindly Latian dreams. With mean actualities, which are no more history than Tammany Hall is the American Republic, he did not seek to mar his clear pages. Those he left to be excavated in after times by old Niebuhrian moles, digging in the earth like the hoarse, unquiet, disembodied father of Hamlet. I would that Livy, instead of Cæsar, had crossed over to Britain. Then might we have had a worthy history of Coventry. Of Washington, we who have lived near his time have accounts written in the Livian vein. They gift us with the people's Washington. Time will come when German critics, and critics who are neither German nor American, epicene Dryasdusts, will write down, asses as they are, that Washington was wont to swear like a pirate on no greater occasions than when there was brought for his riding a horse each particular hair of which did not avouch the nicest grooming. Sparks excised the recorded oaths; in certain quarters he got many curses thereby. Why, forsooth, two men now gone, whose loss American scholarship mourns, each of whom has prepared biographies of the Father of his Country, asserted to me that Washington was an arrant fortune-hunter—seeking, they said, the hand of the richest woman in all the colonies, and when he failed to win Mary Phillipse, marrying Martha Dandridge, the richest woman of her time in the South—but they would not speak of it in their histories. It was a wise reticence. Does any one doubt that Zachary Taylor is in heaven? Killed he was by four bareheaded hours in a July sun, then a surfeit of cherries and milk, and the Galphin swindle on the head of that. Yet Daniel Webster—high authority for some mousing marplot biographer—affirmed that Taylor was nothing more than "a swearing frontier colonel." At the time of that speaking the Philadelphia nomination was pending. In heaven, as he is, the honest old general will be called to testify at the grand assize, which should not much longer be deferred, touching the Treasury robbing at Washington. His rough phrase will not detract from the force of his testimony; though he may know less than some of the subject-matter, to what he does know he will be swift to swear. Names of more comprehensive deponents I could suggest.

Some Niebuhr of narrower bore has undertaken to argue of that oft-quoted speech, "sent to Coventry." He locates it in the day of Charles the First—"holy martyr of blessed memory," as my Oxford prayer-book styles him — and thus he states his threadbare hypothesis: "Coventry was a stronghold of the Puritans at the commencement of their troubles. Many of the despised sect in the neighboring country resorted there." (Despised sect! Did you see the Manhattan Puritans swell at their 22d of December dinner at the Astor House the other day? Despised sect, indeed!) And then our scholiast goes to quote Baxter, the same whose Call to the Unconverted is yet a volume read, and moreover may yet reach the *Tribune* people, and, for aught we know, bring to grace some others in Nassau Street. I will not mention William Street and Wall in this connection. With a writer too sanguine, older and graver readers are ill at ease. Baxter says in this behalf: "They that fain would have lived quietly at home were forced (by the Royalists) to be gone, *and to Coventry they came.*" And thus our Scaliger finds the origin of the phrase, "Sent to Coventry," from the Puritans! Was ever any thing more awry?

> "'Twould move my mirth—"

as that magnificent dialogue we used to learn out of "The American Preceptor" has it—

> "'Twould move my mirth at any other time;
> But now trifling's out of tune."

I will examine the premises gravely.

Did the Puritans ever hand down a slang phrase or catchword? Did they ever have one? Could they bring themselves to *speak* one, if perchance their memory retained it when sounded by unregenerate voice in their presence? Imagine one of the Pilgrim Fathers uttering, "I acknowledge the corn." Who could believe that one of those grave men, seeing a brother in abbreviated skirts, would pronounce him a "Shanghai?" Lawyers like to beat an adversary on his own ground—as it were an ass well smitten with his own jawbone. So we refute our commentator on his own case. In all my reading, careful and continuous, of the doings of the Fathers (Pilgrim), and the record thereof, I have found no slang phrase. Nearest is what occurs in the account of the earliest trading voyage from Plymouth, a corn-exporting venture. In 1626, the Fathers harvested more maize than sufficed for the season's use. With an itching for traffic, which unfortunately has not passed down to their descendants, they cast about for a market for their overplus of corn. It was shipped on board a shallop, and they sailed for the Penobscot to trade it off for furs. "But though they had a ship," says the historian, "they had no sailors; whereupon the old *Stand-bys*" (meaning the principal men of the colony) "were constrained to go the voyage; and they slept on the deck, as the vessel below was filled with corn. It was tempestuous; but they returned in safety, and made good trade in the parts to the eastward." Imagine for yourself the aspect of those stern sailor-Pilgrim corn-exporting farmer Fathers, with long icicles on nose that precluded audible prayer, a tough northeaster blowing down from Labrador! "Stand-bys" is the nearest to slang that can be traced to Puritan mouth or pen. That people did not preserve or record catch phrases and cant terms. Royalties, skittle-grounds, courts, universities, camps, race-courses, inns of the Temple, court-jesters, tournaments, easy-going parsons—these are the soils in which slang thrives. If there is a cant of the conventicle, it is a heavenward cant, and nothing like these ungodly I have just enumerated.

Besides, if I may descend to verbal criticism, belaboring the topic etymologically, I should straightway show that "Sent to Coventry" could not be born of the Baxterian phrase. He says, "And to Coventry they *came.*" Of course they did. Nobody sent them. They *came*, of themselves—came with their own beasts of burden, and brought *omnia catalla*, their goods and chattels with them. They all owned horses. They were never sent. They came to Coventry as they came to Plymouth, paid their own bills, and no doubt increased their substance by their industry and frugality while they dwelt in that city. Coventry was a place in which thrifty men might profit.

And this last consideration brings me to the main intent of this present writing.

I shall proceed to show that Coventry was a kingdom in its palmy days. Embassadors were sent thither from foreign courts.

The proofs that Coventry was an independent kingdom in its prime are not, you say, found in the writings of the English historians. Grant they are not. Pray, in what books of Egyptian record do you find the history of Thebes?—and was not Thebes a kingdom? What Syrian historian mentions the kingdom of Troy?—and was Priam not a King? Perhaps not. By-the-way, where would the history of Troy have been had not some glorious fellow, who lived long after Homer's time, compiled and edited the blind old bard's song? Who shall say that, long after Lingard, Hume, and Smollett shall have been forgotten, and when shall have gleamed no more the veneer of bright words which Macaulay has glued upon English facts—who shall say that some traveler from New Zealand, taking his stand on the half submerged wheel-house of a sunken Peck-slip ferry-boat to sketch the ruins of Pearl Street (after the widening), may not stumble on this very Number of *Harper's Weekly*, and restore to the world the proof that Coventry was a sovereign realm once on the North Sea's strand.

Thebes had a hundred gates. Where is the proof that it had? Why, besides that the fact is mentioned in a speech of Counselor Phillips, confessedly the Richard Busteed of his time, Homer also calls it the "hundred-gated city." Well, Coventry had, on towers and churches, a hundred city-clocks which struck the hours. Godiva, it will be remembered, rode forth at noon. Thus the poet records the hour:

> "The shameless noon was clashed and hammered from
> a hundred towers."

Is it any more likely that Tennyson should have misstated the number of clocks in Coventry than Homer the number of gates of Thebes?

It is allowed by common prose historians that Coventry was surrounded by a strong wall and had twelve gates. These were larger than those of Thebes. This last-named city, built upon the decimal plan, had a hundred gates—ten times ten—comparatively small, but yet substantial gates. Coventry was constructed externally upon the duodecimal scale and had twelve gates, very large ones. New Yorkers think that the spire of Trinity, 264 feet high, is a very tall one. (Here I beg to disclaim that I shall contend that there was any Wall Street in Coventry. All writers deny that.) Trinity Church, in Coventry, is only 237 feet high. But St. Michael's Church there—a comparatively modern structure in the lighter Gothic style—has a spire which lifts 363 feet. St. John's Church, in the same city, built as late as the time of Edward III., need not be mentioned in this connection. The town is now lighted with gas, and the inhabitants are supplied with water by the corporation water-works. It is the greatest ribbon emporium in England, and yearly more watches are made there than in London.

But these are facts for statistical people. I turn them over to the industrious Fellows of the American Geographical Society.

Where does the world get that term, "true blue," eloquent of good faith? From Coventry. The *Gazetteer* says: "Coventry was celebrated for its cloth caps and bonnets as early as the sixteenth century, and also for a kind of blue thread called 'Coventry true blue.'"

Coventry was a kingdom dwelt in by honest people. The story of Queen Godiva shows this. I will cite incidents thereof to the point. The King of Coventry had proclaimed some regulation, after the fashion of his government, of which the people very strenuously complained. Honest citizens often complain of, and sometimes abrogate, rules, which, duly tried, would be found to be wholesome. The King turned a deaf ear to their expostulations, satisfied, no doubt, that the law objected to was salutary. As he was despotic in his government—by-the-way, some contend that a wise despotism is the best form of human rule—he insisted on continuing his edict in force. At length his wife, the gentle Godiva, moved by the anxiety of the people, prayed the King to give way and abolish the law that seemed to bear so hard. Seeing him still resolute, she fell upon her knees and besought him fervently to change his will; nor were her tears wanting. At heart willing to indulge his wife and yield, he seized the occasion to prove to their subjects that his queen was their sincere friend, willing to make any sacrifice for their welfare. He therefore signalized his compliance by adding the condition which has been told by writers innumerable. It was indeed a hard stipulation—that she, the queen of that fair realm, should, on horseback, at high noon, ride naked through the great thoroughfare—the long Broadway—of Coventry. In a good cause she did not hesitate. Giving orders that at the hour fixed none of the people should be abroad, that all should be within their homes, and look not forth from chink or casement, she mounted her palfrey and rode through the town, girt alone in the invisible robe of wifely chastity. The honest people of her realm heeded her request. One scamp alone, an embassador just then accredited to the court at Coventry, the Baron Tom, peeped through a loop-hole as she passed, to the disgrace of his name, his office, and his manhood. How his sight was blasted before it fell upon the fair form that Innocence and Honor shielded is known to all the world. She dismounted at her palace door, the decree was annulled, and Coventry was happy. We are not informed that diplomatic intercourse was broken off with the power which Baron Tom represented; but, like Crampton, he departed; poor, sightless plenipotentiary (Tom, not Crampton), he groped his dishonorable way from the walls of Coventry, and his name is a by-word even to this day. His effigy is found here and there on low ale-house signs.

The intelligent reader will have concluded that Coventry, with a court and people so frank and honorable, was but a sorry place for the courtiers of other courts. It was no atmosphere for the trade of diplomacy. What is the function of an embassador? One of the ablest of the craft has described an envoy to be "a gentleman who lies abroad for the good of his own country." In a truthful place like Coventry, how uncomfortable must have been these wily liars whom their sovereigns severally sentenced thither! What Siberia with its cold is to the courtiers of the Czar, Coventry with its honesty was to the courtiers of the contemporary courts. When a king desired to punish an eminent subject whom he would not openly disgrace, he sent him to Coventry—as embassador. The dread of being elected to this mission kept many a paltering fellow faithful to his king. The reader will now have seen how it came to be a by-word that one was "sent to Coventry."

Miscellany.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

"Little by little," an acorn said,
As it slowly sank in its mossy bed;
"I am improving every day,
Hidden deep in the earth away."
Little by little each day it grew;
Little by little it sipped the dew;
Downward it sent out a thread-like root;
Up in the air sprung a tiny shoot.
Day after day, and year after year,
Little by little, the leaves appear;
And the slender branches spread far and wide,
Till the mighty oak is the forest's pride.

Far down in the depths of the dark blue sea
An insect train work ceaselessly;
Grain by grain, they are building well,
Each one alone in its little cell.
Moment by moment, and day by day,
Never stopping to rest or to play.
Rocks upon rocks they are rearing high,
Till the top looks out on the sunny sky;
The gentle wind and the balmy air,
Little by little, bring verdure there;
Till the summer sunbeams gayly smile
On the buds and flowers of the coral isle.

"Little by little," said a thoughtful boy,
"Moment by moment, I'll well employ,
Learning a little every day,
And not spending all my time in play.
And still this rule in my mind shall dwell,
'Whatever I do, I will do it well.'
Little by little, I'll learn to know
The treasured wisdom of long ago;
And one of these days perhaps we'll see
That the world will be the better for me."
And do not you think that this simple plan
Made him a wise and a useful man?

DOMESTIC ETIQUETTE.

A carelessness of speech is a fertile source of estrangement in married people. Now, it is too much the fashion in all households to have a domestic colloquy, very different in its tone and carefulness to that in use with strangers. The very best of us, it is feared, are too prone to this; but, from wives to husbands, and the reverse, matrimony seems certainly to possess the chemical property of converting sweets into acids in no time. Short answers—foe the direst of domestic happiness—or else no answers at all; no conversation for *his* leisure for whom, once on a time, you carefully brushed up all your stores of knowledge; and an utter oblivion of the personal politeness which most well-conducted people think due to a stranger. Pity such things are kept, like your choicest preserves and *bonnes bouches*, merely for strangers. None can place too much value on domestic warmth of politeness, unmixed, of course, with hypocrisy or shallow words. Kindness might be a better word, perhaps, for what is meant; for where there are kind hearts there is almost sure to be a certain suavity of manner. But this etiquette of the heart you keep, like your best clothes, for company; never thinking that everyday use is your true polish, not merely for the baser metals, but even to keep bright gold itself.

Regard these things in a higher light than as mere everyday trifles; for home, domestic love, joy, happiness—all hang on a series of well-directed trifles, and small is her chance of happiness who sees fit to neglect or overlook them entirely.

THE SECRET OF LONGEVITY.

The means known, so far, of promoting longevity, have been usually concentrated in short, pithy sayings, as, "Keep your head cool and your feet warm;" "Work much, and eat little," etc.; just as if the whole science of human life could be summed up and brought out in a few words, while its greatest principles were kept out of sight. One of the best of these sayings is given by an Italian in his 116th year, who, being asked the means of his living so long, replied with that improvisation for which his country is remarkable:

> "When hungry, of the best I eat,
> And dry and warm I keep my feet;
> I screen my head from sun and rain,
> And let few cares perplex my brain."

The following is about the best theory of the matter: Every man is born with a certain stock of vitality, which can not be increased, but may be husbanded. With this stock he may live fast or slow—may live extensively or intensively—may draw his little amount of life over a large space, or narrow it into a concentrated one; but when his stock is exhausted, he has no more. He who lives extensively—who drinks pure water, avoids all inflammatory diseases, exercises sufficiently, but not too laboriously, indulges no exhausting passions, feeds on no exciting material, pursues no debilitating pleasures, avoids all laborious and protracted study, preserves an easy mind, and thus husbands his quantum of vitality—will live considerably longer than he otherwise would do, because he lives slow; while he, on the other hand, who lives intensively—who beverages himself on liquors and wines, exposes himself to inflammatory diseases, labors beyond his strength, visits exciting scenes, and indulges exhausting passions, lives on stimulating and highly seasoned food—is always debilitated by his pleasures.

INDUSTRY ITS OWN REWARD.

Any thing we make up our minds to do we can do. There is nothing impossible to be done by determined, persevering effort, and nothing of importance can be accomplished without it. It was labor that built the pyramids; by labor the arts and sciences were brought to their present state of perfection; and labor is necessary for the health and happiness of all. Industry is the law of our being, and we are so constituted that when the law is fully recognized it brings its own reward. Bodily labor is not the only kind that is necessary—mind and body should be exercised. In this way cheerfulness and contentment are promoted, and we are prepared to fill with honor any station assigned us by Providence. We often regard the doom pronounced on man, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," a curse; but it is really a blessing, for we find that all rational enjoyment follows in the train of industrious labor, whether physical or mental.

CHARACTER IS ESSENTIAL TO HAPPINESS.

Without a good character happiness is never known. All that exalts, ennobles, embellishes, and dignifies humanity is blended in the beauty and the glory of a truly genuine character.

All the treasures of ten thousand worlds will not compare in value with one pure heart for the production of all that is satisfying and blessed. They will not purchase peace, nor joy, nor sacred rest, nor the sweet tranquillity of an unsullied conscience, nor one single moment's real bliss. They can never be exchanged for those golden-gloried virtues that blossom all over a good character, like the blossoms on a thick bed of roses, and which are as rich in the sweet incense that the heart loves most as the flowers are in refreshing fragrance.

The youth who places a proper estimate upon a good character has learned a lesson that is more valuable to him than any thing else possibly can be. He has learned the source of his purest joys.

But the happiness and blessedness of a good character are not confined to the sunny chambers of its possessor. *Character is catching*. If one has a good character, he gives something of its goodness to all with whom he associates. If his heart is radiant with the light of virtue, that light gets out, and shines in upon the hearts of others. He can scarcely look at another without impressing some mark of his own character on the heart of the one upon whom he gazes. A man's face is almost always radiant with the light of his true character. Character, like murder, will out. It can not long be concealed. You might as well attempt to chain the lightnings in the black caverns of the surcharged cloud, or put a hood over the great bright face of the sun, as to lock up a man's character from the sight of his fellows. God never designed that it should be. Character was made to be seen. It is the government of the soul: put on, not only for the comfort and convenience of the wearer, but for the pleasure of other people's eyes. It is not worn for self alone, for that would be mean, but for all by whom it is surrounded.

THE FORTUNES OF THE ANCIENTS.

Crœsus possessed, in landed property, a fortune equal to £1,700,000, besides a large amount of money, slaves, and furniture, which amounted to an equal sum. He used to say that a citizen who had not a sufficient sum to support an army, or a legion, did not deserve the title of a rich man. The philosopher Seneca had a fortune of £3,500,000. Tiberius, at his death, left £23,624,000, which Caligula spent in less than twelve months. Vespasian, on ascending the throne, estimated all the expenses of the state at £35,000,000. The debts of Milo amounted to £600,000. Cæsar, before he entered upon any office, owed £2,995,000. He had purchased the friendship of Curio for £500, and that of Lucius Paulus for £300,000. At the time of the assassination of Julius Cæsar, Antony was in debt to the amount of £3,000,000; he owed this sum on the ides of March, and it was paid by the kalends of April; he squandered £147,000,000. Appius squandered in debauchery £500,000, and finding, on examination of the state of his affairs, that he only had £80,000, poisoned himself, because he considered that sum insufficient for his maintenance. Julius Cæsar gave Satulla, the mother of Brutus, a pearl of the value of £10,000. Cleopatra, at an entertainment she gave to Antony, dissolved in vinegar a pearl worth £80,000, and he swallowed it. Clodius, the son of Esopus, the comedian, swallowed one worth £8000. One single dish cost Esopus £80,000. Caligula spent for one supper £80,000, and Heliogabalus £20,000. The usual cost for a repast for Lucullus was £20,000; the fish from his fish-ponds were sold for £35,000.

THE HANDS.

One of the most common signs of want of breeding is a sort of uncomfortable consciousness of the hands, an obvious ignorance of what to do with them, and a painful awkwardness in their adjustment. The hands of a gentleman seem perfectly at home without being occupied; they are habituated to the *dolce far niente*, or if they spontaneously move, it is attractively. Some of Queen Elizabeth's courtiers made playing with their sword-hilt an accomplishment, and the most efficient weapon of the Spanish coquette is her fan. Strength in the fingers is a sure token of mental aptitude. When Mutius burned his hand off before the eyes of his captor, he gave the most indubitable proof we can imagine of fortitude; and it was natural that, amidst the ferocious bravery of feudal times, a bloody hand in the centre of an escutcheon should become the badge of a baronet of England.

HANDWRITING.

Lord Chesterfield says that every man who has the use of his eyes and his right hand can write whatever hand he pleases. This is hardly true. Handwriting indicates character, and corresponds with it; and however great our powers of imitation, we must always possess more or less strongly marked individual traits. It is no more to be expected or desired that we all shall write alike than that we all shall look alike or act alike. But it is true that every one, with the use of eyes and hand, may write well—write a free, regular, and graceful hand—write legibly, at all events.

If you write a cramped, irregular, and illegible hand, the sooner you set about reforming it the better. Go to some good teacher of penmanship, if one can be found in your neighborhood, and take a few lessons, with the strong resolution to improve; but if no teacher is at hand, never mind, set about the task without one. All difficulties will vanish before resolute effort. Try it and see. Form your letters clearly, distinctly, symmetrically, and with a uniform slope or angle, and make your lines straight and even, and your manuscript will look well and be easily read. The more graceful the curves, and the smoother the lines, the better; but these last qualities are not essential.

THE OLD AND NEW RECEPTION OF BOOKS.

"In times of old," says Coleridge, in his "Biographia Literaria," "books were as religious oracles. As literature advanced, they next became venerable preceptors; they then descended to the rank of instructive friends; and as their numbers increased they sank still lower, to that of entertaining companions; and at present they seem degraded into culprits, to hold up their hands at the bar of every self-elected, yet not the less peremptory judge who chooses to write from humor or interest, from enmity or arrogance, and to abide the decision (in the words of Jeremy Taylor) of him that reads in malice or him that reads after dinner."

NIGHT AND DEATH.

One of the noblest sonnets in the English language is that written by Joseph Blanco White on the analogy of Night and Death, in which, by a sudden revelation which has the highest effect of wit, a usually dark and discouraging theme is turned into the highest exaltation. Once read, it can never be forgotten for its sublime consolation:

> Mysterious night! when the first man but knew
> Thee by report, unseen, and heard thy name,
> Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
> This glorious canopy of light and blue?
> Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
> Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
> Hesperus, with the host of heaven, came,
> And lo! creation widen'd on his view.
> Who could have thought what darkness lay conceal'd
> Within thy beams, O Sun? or who could find,
> While fly, and leaf, and insect stood reveal'd,
> That to such endless orbs thou mak'st us blind?
> Weak man! why, to shun death, this anxious strife?
> If *light* can thus deceive, wherefore not *life*?

This sonnet was communicated by the author to Coleridge, who was in the habit of repeating it, and it thus found its way into *The Bijou*, an annual of the year 1828. The author subsequently made some trifling verbal alterations in it, but we prefer the first version as the more vigorous in expression. Coleridge, and that refined scholar and poet, John Hookham Frere, thought this one of "the finest and most graceful sonnets in the language," ranking with Milton's and Wordsworth's.

White, the author, belonged to an Irish family settled in Spain, was educated as an ecclesiastic, distrusted his religious creed, and, to escape his professional obligations, expatriated himself and went to England. He was well received in the Holland House circle, became a Church of England man, and came greatly into notice by his publications against the Roman Catholics. He changed his opinions again, and attached himself to the Unitarians. His biography by John Hamilton Thom, besides its materials for the study of his subject's various changes of religious opinion, has many fine passages from his correspondence.

SPANISH ETIQUETTE.

We have all heard of the Spanish monarch who was roasted alive while the courtiers were arranging the order of precedence for going to his relief. The monarch was the successor of Philip II. (Philip III.), who died in 1621. The Countess D'Aunoy, writing from Spain some fifty years after the event, thus describes the circumstances from the lips of a Spanish lady of quality: "This Prince was writing letters in his closet; and it being very cold that day, they had placed very near him a quick fire of coals, whose reverberation struck so much on his face that he was all in a perspiration, as if a great quantity of water had been poured on his head. The easiness of his temper hindered him from complaining, and even speaking of it; for he never found fault with any thing. The Marquis de Pobar, having observed the injury which the King received by this extreme heat, informed the Duke of Alva's gentlemen of his chamber of it, to the end that he might remove the fire away. He replied, 'It was not his office, and that the Duke Duesda ought to be made acquainted with it, whose proper business it was.' The Marquis de Pobar, being troubled to see the King thus suffer, and not daring himself to ease him for fear of invading another's province, left the fire still in its place; but he sent to give notice of it to the Duke Duesda, who was, by misfortune, gone near Madrid to see a stately house he was building there. Word was brought of this again to the Marquis de Pobar, who proposed again to the Duke of Alva the taking away the fire. But he found him inflexible hereunto, and chose rather to send into the country to the Duke Duesda; so that, before he was come, the King was almost spent, and that very night he fell into a violent fever, accompanied with an erysipelas, which inflamed, and the inflammation degenerated into the purples, which caused his death."

A SCORE OF PROVERBS COLLECTED BY GEORGE HERBERT.

He that stays does the business.
I wept when I was born, and every day shows why.
Every path hath a puddle.
Advise none to marry or go to war.
A long tongue is a sign of a short hand.
I had rather ride on an ass that carries me than a horse that throws me.
I had rather ask of my fire brown bread than borrow of my neighbor white.
A mountain and a river are good neighbors.
Prayers and provender hinder no journey.
Call me not an olive till thou see me gathered.
Be not a baker, if your head be of butter.
Little sticks kindle the fire; great ones put it out.
Stay till the lame messenger comes, if you will know the truth of the thing.
He that is not handsome at twenty, nor strong at thirty, nor rich at forty, nor wise at fifty, will never be handsome, strong, rich, or wise.
Serve a noble disposition; though poor, the time comes that he will repay thee.
My house, my house, though thou art small,
Thou art to me the Escurial.
In the morning, mountains;
In the evening, fountains.
In the kingdom of blind men the one-eyed is king.
Bells call others, but themselves enter not into the church.
Little dogs start the hare, the great get her.

[Advertisement.]

To the Embarrassed.—A Gentleman of varied mercantile acquirements, an experienced book-keeper and practical Cashier, and having long been placed in situations of great trust, is open to an Engagement in no matter what capacity, provided only that his salary be proportioned to the dirtiness of the work which is required of him. Having for some years been employed as Confidential Clerk in the counting-houses of a number of the most shaky firms in London, he has acquired a perfect knowledge of the principles of trading under false pretenses; and is well acquainted with the means which are employed by business men to keep "concerns" afloat when they are plainly sinking. From long and varied practice he is well versed in the methods of creating and maintaining a fictitious show of credit, and of supplying substitutes for capital to firms that find themselves without it. He can write a good hand, and is not less an adept in imitating signatures than expert in devising how to turn them to advantage. With the System of Accommodation Bills he is thoroughly acquainted in all its varied branches, and has no objection either to accept, draw, or indorse, at a moderate percentage, and to any requisite amount. He is also gifted with considerable inventive talent, and can supply fictitious names and spurious addresses, of the showiest description, and at the shortest notice. In cases of emergency he is willing to impersonate deceased or absent parties, or to attend appointments and officiate in character as referee or surety, or in any manner to facilitate whatever means may be adopted by a smart and enterprising trader to provide himself with funds, and restore his failing credit. In fact, without wishing to brag, the advertiser may assert, without much fear of contradiction, that he is as thoroughly well up to all the tricks of trade as any man in England, or even out of it; and in matters of finance he will back himself to go as far due north as any over-speculator in North Britain or America.

As the Advertiser entertains a most decided objection to travel (in a Colonial direction and at the Government expense), he begs to state that where he is engaged in any work that may bring him into trouble, he expects a special bonus in addition to his salary as compensation for the risk. He is willing to make himself generally useful, and to do whatever dirty work may in reason be required of him; and he has abundant vouchers to attest that his fidelity (when duly paid for) may be most thoroughly relied on: but in cases where detection might occasion him not only personal discomfort, but public loss of character, he insists on an equivalent in money for the risk; and he will only take in hand these hazardous transactions upon the terms of pocketing a half-share of the swag, called otherwise the profits.

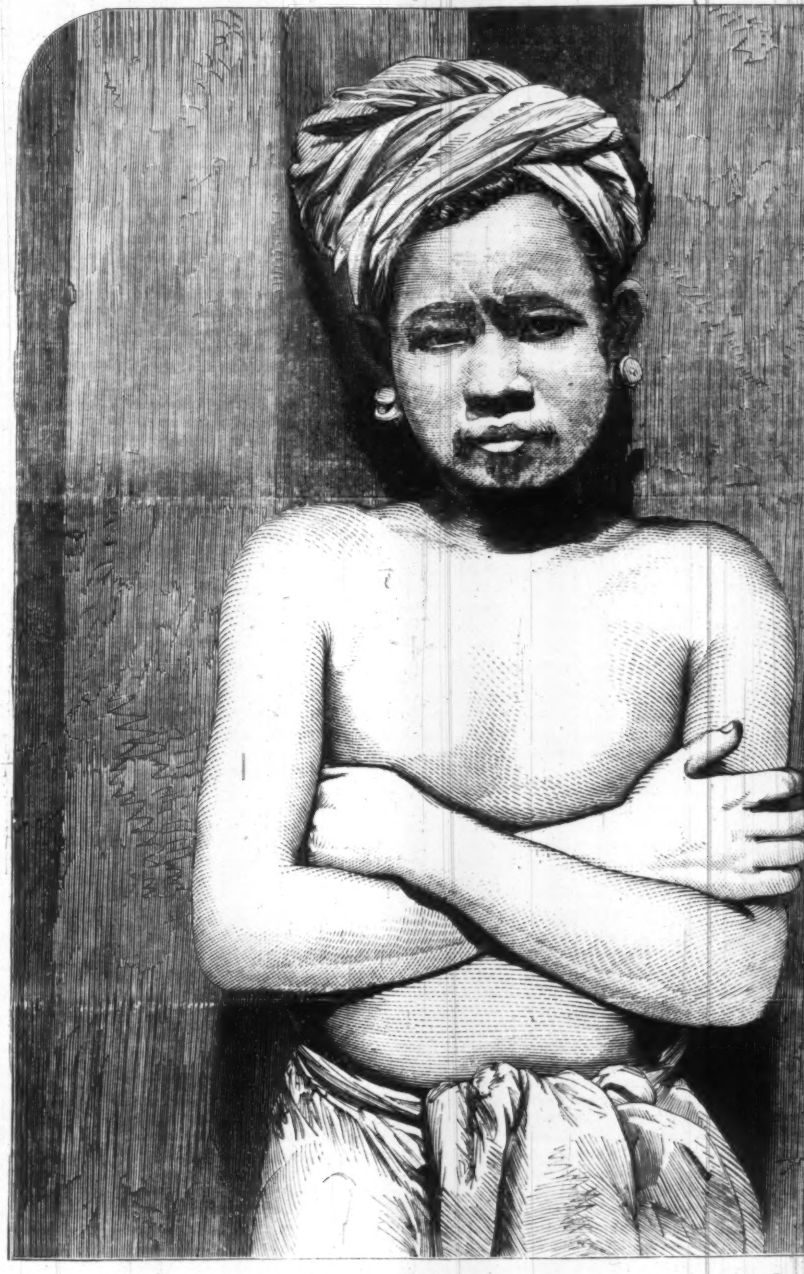
From long experience in houses of the worst commercial character, having been employed by some of the most thoroughly unprincipled principals in London, the Advertiser has completely lost that squeamishness of conscience with which he was by nature, and in greener years, afflicted: and whatever dirty work may be intrusted to his hands there need be no fear that his scruples will prevent his doing it. If any doubts be felt as to whether he be trustworthy, he can furnish the best references as to this important point. He need not hesitate to state that, in spite of all temptations, his honor has been kept in an unblemished, spotless state; and he has vouchers to attest that where inducements have been held out to make him blow the gaff, he has never once betrayed the least propensity to peach. At the same time he should state, to prevent misunderstanding, that on each of the occasions on which he has proved faithful, the seal upon his lips has borne the impress of the Mint. Even among thieves honor must be paid for; so whenever his employers require him to be mum, and keep a matter dark, to insure its holding good the gag must be a golden one.

Address, stating terms and nature of the business, to NUDUS VERITAS, ESQUIRE, care of MR. CADGER, 27 Scamp Street, Seven Dials. N.B. Parties wishing for an Interview will please call after dark.

NENA SAHIB'S EXECUTIONER.

THE portrait here given is said to be a correct likeness of the executioner who was employed by Nena Sahib to put his victims to death at Cawnpore. The fellow sat for his likeness, it is said, to a lady named Archer, who was at Cawnpore, and somehow contrived to escape with her picture. It is in great demand in England. A British contemporary not untruly remarks upon it: "The intolerable brute has the true Asiatic cast of countenance — the slow, cruel, sluggish, cunning, sensuous, devilish face that leers upon us sometimes even in this country from beneath the turban of a Lascar beggar sweeping a crossing or selling tracts, and that horrifies us in a reminiscence of Delhi and Cawnpore."

Most of the victims of the Cawnpore massacre were killed, it would seem, in a body, by the Sepoys. But more than one was butchered singly, and this fellow was, probably, the instrument of their slaughter. We gave, a few weeks since, an account of the awful murder of a young lady who had the courage to threaten Nena Sahib with the vengeance of her countrymen: it was, probably, by the hands of the wretch depictured above that she died. It was the same man, no doubt, who cut off the feet of thirty ladies and children, and placed them in a row, with their boots or shoes on —a sight which so horrified Havelock's Highlanders that they swore from that time forth to give no quarter while the war lasted. One may gaze on such a face as one would upon the form of a hideous brute—an alligator or a shark—and lament one's destiny that the duty and pleasure of punishing the monster to whom it belongs devolve upon others.



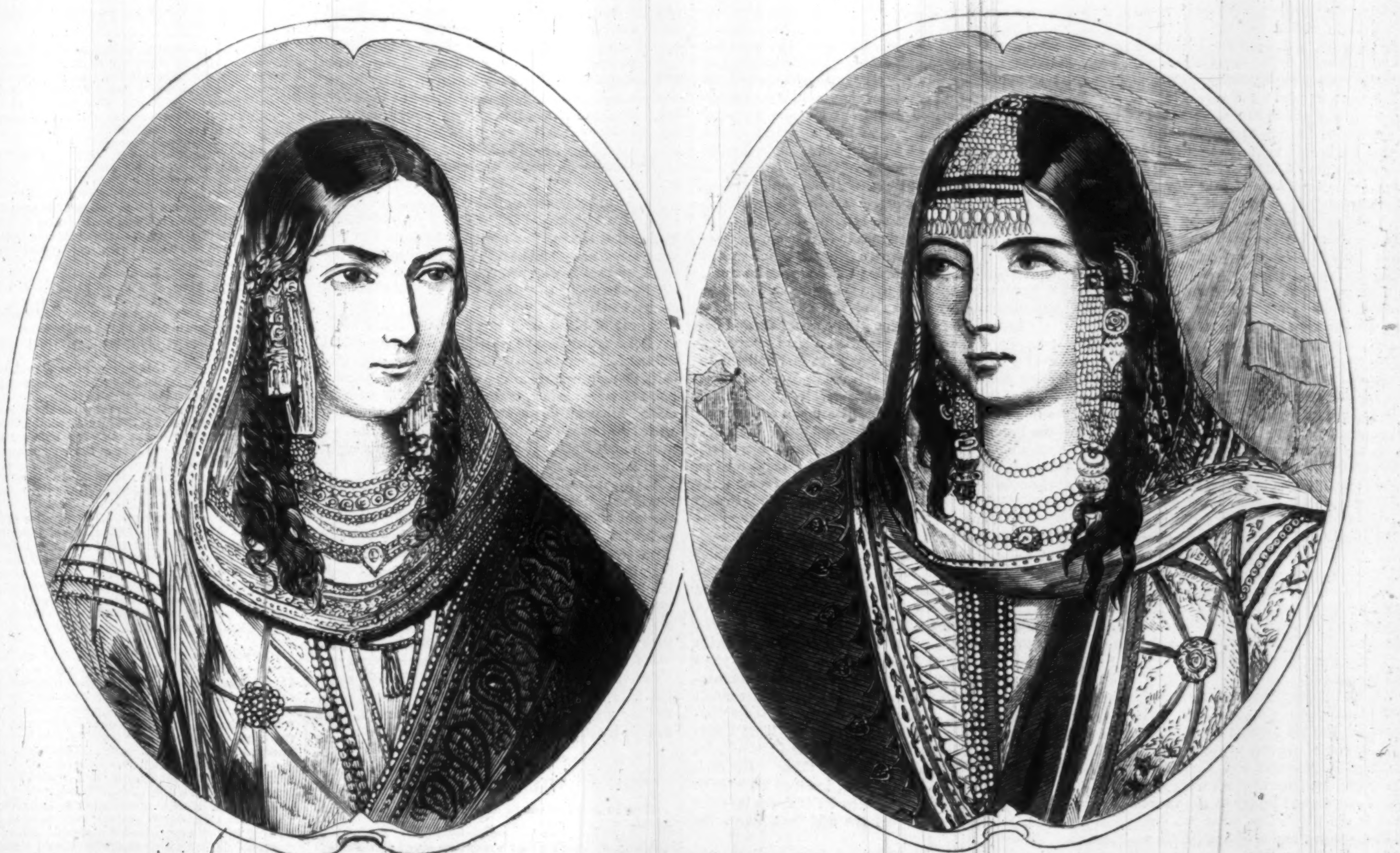
NENA SAHIB'S EXECUTIONER.—[FROM A SKETCH TAKEN AT CAWNPORE.]

THE WIVES OF THE KING OF DELHI.

THE illustrations given below are said to be faithful portraits of the favorite Queens of Delhi, who, with the other members of the royal family, have lately fallen into the hands of the British troops. Of their history, of course, little or nothing is known. As a general rule, these Oriental queens begin life as slaves in the harem, or are presented—still as slaves — to the emperor or king whose wives they subsequently become. Some day their beauty or grace attracts his notice, and in a day the humble waiting-maid may be promoted to the highest place in the royal seraglio. They are, of course, ignorant, indolent, and selfish—valued simply as physical instruments of pleasure, like so many smelling-bottles or rich dishes.

Grave questions have been agitated in Delhi, since the capture, as to the share which the women of the harem had in the outrages that were practiced on the European lady captives. One of them—whose portrait is given below—was visited by some English ladies, who sought to ascertain from her whether the King's wives were participators in his infamies. "The Queen of Delhi," says the narrator of the interview, "was found seated on a common charpoy (bedstead), dressed in white cotton clothes, with few and very trifling ornaments — all her grand things having been taken from her. She is short and stout, above thirty years of age, with a round, animated face, not at all pretty, but having pretty little plump hands. She was cutting betel-nut to eat with her pawn. Some thirty females, relatives and menials, surrounded her. She professes the utmost horror of the 3d Cavalry, to whom she traces all her misfortunes. She says that the King was helpless to control them, and that, when their arrival had placed Delhi in rebellion, they were as ready to rob her as any one else. She says the mutineers did rob the palace, and that all her jewels were only saved by being buried. She does not seem to blame the English for their present captivity; she understands the necessity for inquiring into guilty or innocent parties, but she did not seem to assert the King's innocence as much as her own. She said she had been in the hands of bad people. There appeared to be frightful rivalries among the women. She criminated the sons of the former wives, she being the last."

Another wife, the sister of this last, declared that the King's wives had endeavored to save several of the English ladies, by secreting them in the palace chambers, but that the mutineers hunted them out and bore them away. This story is not very consistent with another, which was obtained from another inmate of the palace, and according to which the native



THE FAVORITE WIVES OF THE KING OF DELHI.—[FROM MINIATURES BY MOHAMMED ISMAIL KHAN, PORTRAIT-PAINTER TO THE KING.]

women are said to have complained bitterly that the Europeans were better fed and cared for than themselves. Jealousy is so thorough a feature of Oriental life that this is quite likely.

THE CUIRASS.

SHE wound her arms lovingly
About his stalwart shoulder,
And she pressed his steel-clad bosom to her own,
And said, "May Heaven's mercy
Through the raging battle nurse ye;
For if you die, you will not die alone!"

He said, "See how thou'rt mirrored
In this stainless, polished cuirass;
Thus, so long as life is left me, shall thy form
In my heart be brightly painted,
Like an image mild and sainted,
That will shield me through the battle and the storm!"

But when the sun was setting
O'er the black and distant mountains,
From the tower where she sat watching, she beheld
A cavalcade wind slowly
Through the gorges melancholy,
While the death-bell from the convent chapel knelled.

And the stalwart knight lay laxly
On his shield, upheld by bearers,
And the lances of his comrades were reversed;
And she knew by his great pallor
That his mighty heart of valor
Had ceased to hold the image that it nursed.

So she lay upon his bosom,
While the dimmed and bloody cuirass
No more mirrored her pale features; and she died—
And they buried them together
Where the purple-blossomed heather
Waved above them on the lonely mountain-side.

FAMINE ABOARD!

"WHEN I was such a lad as you," said Thorsby, "I ran away from a good home, and went to sea. I came back to England many times, visited secretly my native place, saw my father and mother, and once even heard them speak; but they never saw me again, or knew where I had gone. How this was does not matter, for it is no part of my story. Nearly thirty years ago, I sailed from Montreal for Liverpool, aboard a vessel laden with timber. We had a crew of thirteen persons, including the captain; besides four passengers—a physician and his wife, and an old Canadian Frenchman and his niece. It was in the month of January, and we had a fair wind; but we soon came among ice-fields, and had bitter cold watches, which make men think of home, and comfortable fires ashore. Many a time I went aloft, and, holding on with hands or belly to the frozen yards, and fumbling with numbed fingers at the stiffened reefs, have thought I must go off with every blast that cut me in the face. We kept among the ice a long time, and got far out of our course: so at last the captain told the passengers that, as he had not counted on the delay, he must shorten the allowance of food for all.

"This set me thinking. What if we should be many weeks in that situation? Our provisions must be all gone, and we must perish one by one of hunger and cold, or do something worse. I had read stories of drawing lots aboard ships in such a situation; and at night I dreamed about it. I do believe it was not so much the dread of death as of coming to be one at that horrible kind of feast, that frightened me. However, I devised a plan—a selfish plan it was—for escaping from such a horror. Our allowance of food was as yet very slightly diminished. Every day I saved some portion; and sometimes, on pretense of being more hungry than usual, I bought the ration of a man who was sickly, and could not eat. Such of those hoardings as could be preserved I put away in a box, inside my chest, and now and then, when I went down to my hammock, and found myself alone, I used to open it, and contemplate my store with a miserly sort of satisfaction, which is horrible to me now to think of; for I knew that in my secret heart I looked forward to a time when the bottle of water which I hoarded there would have become more costly than any wine that mortal lips ever tasted; when, if I had an opportunity, I meant to use my treasure slowly, to maintain my own life while my companions starved.

"The Frenchman and his niece I knew well, for I had lodged in their house. He was a superannuated government-clerk, with a small pension, who was going to live in France for the benefit of his health. The niece was an intelligent and pretty young woman, who spoke English well, for her mother was an Englishwoman. They were cabin passengers, but had taken a passage at an intermediate sum, which restricted them to plainer food than others got; but they fared no worse than the rest now. The rations were reduced again, and we all began to feel the pinch.

"We had heavy snow-storms, succeeded by bright moonlight nights, awful in their silence; but, at last, the ice became rarer, and we began to sail clear. However, a worse trouble awaited us. From the moment that the last ice left our sides, it was manifest that we were sinking rapidly, from some great injury to the vessel's bottom. It was in the night-time when we discovered it; and, in the hurry and confusion, little was done to save stores until too late. One man, who volunteered to go below, was killed by the floating timber. The water bilged up the hatches, and kept the vessel flooded amid-ships; but the upper deck was comparatively dry, for the timber aboard kept the vessel afloat, and there we all took refuge. We knew she could not sink, being merely water-logged.

"When the first alarm was given I was below, and I thought at once of my box. It was heavy; but, taking it on my shoulder, I crept on deck, and groped my way aft with it. On the way I ran against several persons coming forward; but in the darkness they took no heed of me, and I deposited my treasure in a boat on the after-deck, and covered it as well as I could with coils of rope. I knew they would not take to this boat while the vessel floated, and I hoped that no one would think of disturbing the ropes.

"For four days I took the share of the rations which the Captain distributed to us all. The physician's wife, who was in ill-health, died, and was cast into the sea. This left us fifteen persons. The old Frenchman was also in weak health; but he held out, and his companion tended him constantly. Every body took interest in them, wretched as they were, and it was a fine thing to see her bravery and constant care for her charge. I remember looking at them, and thinking that if there were no more than they, I would gladly give them a portion of my store; although, perhaps, I was then too selfish for that, and only flattered myself with the thought. I did not dare myself to go to the boat until the first dark night, when I pulled off my boots, and, groping along, found my box, and stealthily ate a portion of its contents; eating, however, in great fear, lest my secret should be discovered; in which case I knew my famished comrades would have killed me for my selfishness. I knew I could have relieved them to some degree; but I did not stir. I heard their murmurs, but I held my tongue; all which I justified to myself; for what, thought I, would be my little hoard among all these? Better that one should live than that all should eat, merely to live another day.

"Soon after this our case became dismal indeed. The ship sunk deeper, and even the after-deck became gradually immersed, so we all took refuge in the tops and rigging, where we lashed ourselves; and all day long, as shipwrecked men will do, reported a strange sail. As to my box, I had managed to fold its contents in a large sail-cloth which I carried with me, and of which we all had plenty. And now, seeing my companions' weakness, I took the devilish idea of feigning weakness equal to theirs, lest otherwise some suspicion might arise against me.

"I had lashed myself in the main-shrouds, having made a better place for myself with a swinging board and an old coat. Immediately above me in the main-top were the Frenchman and his niece; but most of the crew were in the mizen-shrouds and top. I used to look up and exchange a few words with the Frenchman and his charge. They were better sheltered than I was, and the girl, who was of a cheerful temper, bore up well. We threw no more bodies in the sea, but several were dead, as I knew by the drooping of their heads, they being lashed to their places. One man, who had untied himself accidentally, fell with a splash in the deep water on the mid-deck, and no one offered to descend, or even spoke. There now began a dreadful silence among us, so that I began to doubt if many lived save I, the Frenchman and his niece, and an old sailor who was on one of the mizen-yards. This man, whose name was Ephraim, sat drooping, and apparently very dejected, for several days; but one day looking toward him, soon after daybreak, I found his eyes fixed upon me in a manner that perplexed me. He was a man of a hideous cast of countenance, his face being furrowed with scars, as if it had been at some time burned with gunpowder, and his upper lip being slit in a way that showed all his front teeth even when his mouth was closed. He had a low forehead, and long black hair like a Malay, and he regarded me with a scowl that at such a time would have terrified the bravest. I could not see him unless I turned toward him, but at first a curiosity, and finally an impulse which I could not control, compelled me to meet his eyes. For, when I did not look I felt them upon me—nay, even at night when I could see him no more, I felt that he was still looking toward me, and bending forward as if striving to discern my figure in the gloom. Sometimes he regarded me with a grimace which was at once ludicrous and terrible; but he spoke no word, only uttering now and then a dismal cry, not like the sound of any human voice.

"All this so fretted me in my weakness and depression, and so filled me with a kind of shame, that I sat one night in my place and omitted to creep down to my box. When day dawned, it was a relief to me to find our ship enveloped in a mist; and just at that time I heard a moan either from the Frenchman or his niece in the tops. Touched with a sudden pity, which in my selfishness and fear I had not known until then, I crept up the shrouds to where they lay, and there found what might have moved a stonier heart. The man lay back against the mast quite cold, but his companion, who had been enveloped in a cloak and heap of sail-cloth, evidently by his hand, was living still. It was her moans that I had heard. She could not have eaten any thing for some days, nor had they had any water for a longer time, save a few drops of rain which they might have collected in the sail-cloth. I turned and crept down again to my box, where I had still some biscuits, a piece of raw pork, some grocers' plums, a bottle containing in the bottom a little rum, and another small bottle of water. With some drops of the spirit-and-water mingled in the palm of my hand I wetted her lips, and after a while revived her a little, though still insensible—a happy thing. For finding the Frenchman quite dead, I moved his body to the edge of the top, and then let it down into the sea, which now covered the mid-deck above the bulwarks.

"She remained in this weak, half-senseless state for some days, during which the mist continued, and shrouded me from the terrible gaze of old Ephraim; but I heard him still. By what dreadful means he sustained his life I only guessed. Sometimes he shouted out my name, and then began again to utter those cries that I had heard before. It was evident to me that he felt some spite against me; why I knew not, for he could not have discovered my secret. If he had, he might have rifled my box long before. This idea, however, induced me to remove it by night into the top, where I finally withdrew myself, and now sought, in cherishing my poor companion, to find relief from evil thoughts. Once, when she opened her eyes, looking round, as if in quest of her former protector, she shuddered, and turned her face to me imploringly, as if she knew that I had power to save him yet; but at other times, even when conscious of my care—as when I wetted some biscuit into a paste and put to her lips—she seemed to have forgotten the horrors of the place.

"Hour by hour I felt an interest in the fate of this girl growing up within me, more deep than any feeling I had ever known. I reduced my own share of my little store of food and water to the lowest point, that I might sustain her the longer. I watched her face as she lay sleeping, and it seemed to me so beautiful, that sometimes I fancied that my sufferings had brought upon me a kind of delirium in which shipwrecked men see visions which mock their horrible and lonely state; but, at most times, I clung to her with no thought but that of saving her from death. It seemed to me as if in hiding my store of provisions I had but unconsciously prepared a means of rescuing her from that dreadful end which had befallen our companions. Sometimes, indeed, the idea would come upon me that, if she should escape, she would remember that I had had the power to prolong her uncle's life—that I had marked his sufferings, and had yet held my hand. Would this make her hate me? The thought was now more terrible to me even than death.

"One night, having shrouded myself in sail-cloth—worn out with tending her—I dropped asleep. I dreamed of warm and sheltered places—of walking in gardens in which the sunlight fell on an ancient red-bricked wall, where fruits were ripening; and with me was my dear companion—she my wife, and I no longer a poor, horny-handed seaman, but a gentleman, as I had thought to be before I ran from home. This, and many such places, I had dreamed of, she with me in them all. I was suddenly awakened by a shriek, and, starting, found a hand at my throat. In an instant I felt a wound as from a knife upon my arm; but I grappled with my antagonist in the darkness. A cry that he uttered told me in a moment that it was old Ephraim.

"'To the devil!' he exclaimed, as he struck at me again with great force; 'why should I eat vultures' food?'

"He was a man of great strength. I struggled hard. I had no weapon; and if I had not warded off his last blow he had struck me dead. But the top was slippery with the misty night-dews, and his foot tripped, and he staggered over the rope and sail-cloth in which I had been wrapped. Following up my advantage quickly, I thrust him from me, and he fell. I heard a dull splash in the water below. I slipped down the shrouds some distance and listened, but could hear nothing. Old Ephraim had perished!

"Gray light was dawning, and the mists had cleared away, when I hastened up again to my companion, calling to her by the way; for her silence made me think that she had fallen into a swoon. She gave no answer, nor did she speak as I raised her from the ground, and found to my horror that there was blood upon her. My box, in which I had still some biscuits remaining, I had made a resting-place for her head, but it had been pulled out, and the sail-cloth which covered her had been drawn aside. The madman or devil who had assailed me had roused her in endeavoring to remove the box, and when she shrieked had stabbed her. She was still warm and gave some signs of breathing; but they grew fainter. I spoke to her by name, calling aloud as I would call to some one at a distance; but she was already in the distance of eternity.

"Of all that wretched band none now was living except I. Careless of all, and with a superstitious feeling that the box had somehow brought this fate upon me, I arose and cast its contents out into the wind, and sat down upon the edge of the top, with my feet hanging over, and with my head resting on my hand.

"Loss of blood from my wound quickly made me feel a drowsiness in which it was strange that I did not fall from that height. Some time after this—like a man neither asleep nor awake—I heard a noise of voices below, and rousing myself, with an effort, I looked down and saw a boat alongside, with two seamen guarding it; and there, about a mile on our larboard side, was a large brig brought to in a calm sea.

"They nursed me and brought me round," he continued, "but they did not like me. They thought that I had killed my companion and her protector, and that the wound that I had got had been received in the struggle. They whispered together that I had done this to rob them of their stock of food; and when they got into a French port they would have had me tried for murder and hung, or sent to the galleys. But they could make no case against me; and I was free. Ay, I was free!" Thoresby continued, clutching my arm; "but the calumnies stuck to me. The old story has followed and come up against me many a time, forcing me sometimes to fly, and making me the sullen, hated fellow you have known me."

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

HE who has learned to obey will know how to command.

A wag, on hearing that a man had given up chimney-sweeping, expressed surprise, as he thought the business sooted him.

A RECIPE FOR COURTSHIP.

Two or three dears, and two or three sweets,
Two or three balls, and two or three treats;
Two or three serenades given as a lure,
Two or three oaths how much they endure;
Two or three messengers sent in one day,
Two or three times led out from the play,
Two or three soft speeches made by the way;
Two or three tickets for two or three times,
Two or three love-letters writ all in rhymes;
Two or three months keeping strict to these rules,
Can never fail making a couple of fools.

WANTED.—"A female who has a knowledge of fitting boots of good moral character." We suppose boots of a good moral character means those that are well soled.

"What is the difference between a man in deep thought and King Henry VIII?" *Ans.*—One is a fat king, and the other is a *thin*-king.

"I believe," said a very tall representative, "that I am one of the tallest members of the House." "Yes," added a fellow-representative, "and the *slimmest* too."

An honest grazier, who had seen *Richard* performed one night in town, waited upon the manager next morning to say, that if the gentleman who wanted a horse on the previous evening held his mind, he had got an abundance of tidy nags in his meadows, and should be happy to have a deal with him.

Queen Elizabeth, admiring the elegance of the Marquis of Medina, a Spanish nobleman, complimented him on it, begging at the same time to know who possessed the heart of so accomplished a cavalier. "Madam," said he, "a lover risks too much on such an occasion; but your Majesty's will is law. Excuse me, however, if I fear to name her, but request your Majesty's acceptance of her portrait." He sent her a looking-glass.

DIGGING POTATOES.

A soldier on furlough, and just convalescent,
Sought a job to supply him with cash for the present,
And promised a farmer to dig up a patch
Of potatoes, with faithfulness, care, and dispatch.
A bottle of whisky, his spirits to stir,
Was given to Bob as a sort of a spur;
Which bottle, with many a copious pull,
He emptied, and left the potato-hills full,
While he with some difficulty held by a stump,
Saluting it oft with a staggering thump.
Some hours had elapsed; his employer returned,
And said, while his bosom indignantly burned,
"You indolent rascal—you slave of the jug—
Not a single potato, you sot, have you dug!"
"Po-ta-toes!" said Bob, with a stammering tongue,
"If you want your potatoes dug, *fetch 'em along!*"

Men are often capable of greater things than they perform; they are sent into the world with bills of credit, and seldom draw to their full extent.

GENIUS.—A distinguished teacher, and president of a college, defined genius to be "the power of making efforts."

"Do try to talk a little common sense," said a lady to her visitor. "Oh! but wouldn't that be taking an unfair advantage of you?"

There is a great difference in rogues. There is your honest rogue, who will do you a good turn, and always remembers a kindness; there is the dishonest rogue—he is a hypocrite. One of the former kind was working for a friend of mine, who told me the dialogue that passed between them. "How comes it, John, that you're no better off—you're a handy fellow enough, but it seems you're one of the poorest, and never did yourself much good?" "Why, I'll tell you what it is, Sir. I was as honest a veller as any in the parish, but I don't know how 'twere, but I were always poor; and so says I to myself, John, this won't do, thee must make a change; and so, Sir, I took to stealing a bit—warn't particular, a duck, or a goose, or some such matter—and then I fell into poaching, and then I got into jail, and somehow or other I got out o't; and then said I to myself, John, this won't do neither, thee must change again." "Well, John, and what then?" "Why, Sir, now I do mix it."

Montaigne kept a register of the oddities of all his friends, and introduces them to us whenever he can. "I know a lady of very high rank," he says, "who believes that it gives a person a disagreeable appearance to be seen in the act of chewing, and, for this reason, will scarcely ever eat in public." This lady would have met with the approval of Byron.

Admiral Rodney gave a punch in honor of his officers. He took for that purpose 4 tons of water, 1200 bottles of Malaga wine, 600 bottles of rum, 600 bottles of Cognac, 600 pounds of sugar, 200 nutmegs, 2600 lemons; the bowl being a marble basin, upon which a handsome boy, clothed as Hebe, paddled a little canoe of Acajou-wood, filling always the emptied glasses of the enchanted seamen.

It is worthy to be remarked, that almost every nation denotes "a fool" by the name of its favorite dish. The German calls him "Hans Wurst;" the Frenchman, "Jean Potage;" the English, "Jack Pudding;" the Dutch, "Pickelhäring;" the Italian, "Maccaroni;" the Russian, "Kapustnick;" the ancient Greeks and Romans, "Parasit, Sycophant, and Scurra."

Professor Städlin, at the University of Göttingen, once argumented before his audience as follows: "Man does not die! For he dies either in the last moments of his life, or in the first moments of his death, or in both together. Yet he dies not in the last instants of his life, for he is still alive; neither in the first instant of his death, for he is already dead; nor in both together, for he can not live and die at once; consequently, he dies in none, or not at all."

Mithridates, king of Pontus, knew each one of his eighty thousand soldiers by his right name.

Seneca was able to rehearse two thousand words, which were given to him, in the same order.

Hortensius kept in his memory all the prices paid on a day of auction.

Hugo Grotius, on being present at a review of some regiments in France, recalled all the names of the single soldiers which were there called up.

Justus Lipsius ventured to rehearse the works of Tacitus from the first word to the last, forward and backward, even when somebody was standing before him with a drawn dagger, to pierce him at the very moment he had forgotten but an only word!

A Venetian lady, well known by her erudition, when asked for the sermon she had attended in church, repeated scrupulously every word.

Racine knew by memory all the tragedies of Euripides, Bayle the whole work of Montaigne, Hughes Doneau the Corpus Juris, Metastasio the entire Horatius, and Carteret, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, all the New Testament, from the first chapter of Matthew to the end of Apocalypse. The learned Scotchman, Thomas Dempster, affirmed he knew not what it was to forget; and Scaliger is told to have apprehended within twenty-one days the whole Homerus, and within four months all the Greek poets.

The notorious and mysterious Count of St. Germain surpasses them all. Any newspaper he read once he knew by memory, and was furnished with such a gigantic comprehensive power of numbering that he retained a series of a thousand numbers, which he could recite forward, backward, and pulled out from the middle. From the court of Henry III. in Cracow, he demanded one hundred packs of picket-cards, mixed them together in disorder, let him tell all the succession of the cards, ordered it to be noticed exactly, and repeated their following one after the other, without being wrong once.

He played almost every musical instrument of the world; was an excellent painter, and imitated any handwriting in the most illusive manner. He had but one passion—playing all games with absolute mastery. In chess no mortal has vanquished him, and in faro he could break every bank by calculation.

Archdeacon Jefferson says: "For one really converted Christian, as the fruits of Missionary labor, the drinking practices of the English have made fully one thousand drunkards."

A fool in a high station is like a man on the top of a high mountain—every thing appears small to him, and he appears small to every body.

A London paper suggests that the celebrated Mr. Spurgeon be engaged to preach to the *Leviathan*—the obstinate monster that refuses to be launched—as he has had greater practice than any body of the present day in "moving great masses."

The editor of the *New Idea*, at Samida, Shelby County, Iowa, advertises for somebody to purchase a half interest in the concern. Who wants to become the proprietor of "half an idea?"

A Detroit paper mentions the arrest of a woman in that city, "with nothing on her person but a love-letter and a daguerreotype." Rather a "poetical" and "picturesque" costume.

The Tampa *Peninsular* gives a curious account of the death of a lady who, two weeks prior to her death, had been thrown into spasms from a small garter snake having coiled itself around her ankle. She continued unconscious until her death, and her actions were like those of a snake—an incessant twisting and writhing of her body in all shapes, darting her head forward, with an attempt to produce a hissing noise.

EPITAPH FOR A VERY HONEST MAN.

An honest fellow here is laid,
His debts in full he always paid;
And what's more rare, his neighbors tell us
He sent back borrowed umbrellas.

ILLEGAL CORN MEASURE.—A tight shoe.

ORNAMENTAL FRET-WORK.—The eyes of your beloved after she has been crying.

THE HIGHLAND VOLUNTEERS.—In the eighteenth century, the Government granted commissions to such Highland chiefs as raised a certain number of men for the army. An English officer, who had been sent into the Highlands to receive recruits, inquired, "Where are the volunteers?" "All safe," was the reply; "they are tied up in the barn!"

"Teddy, my boy, jiss guess how many cheeses there are in that bag, and I'll give ye the whole five of them."

"Five to be sure."

"Arrah, be me sowl! bad luck to the man that tould ye!"

Coleridge once gravely recommended a Canterbury attorney of his acquaintance to take a house in the Cathedral Close, in order that the constant contemplation of a large object might neutralize the contracting influence of professional habits upon his mind.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, February* 1, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets during the past week were very quiet for Breadstuffs, the receipts of which were light. Flour was in slack demand, mainly for home use, at reduced prices. Wheat was sparingly purchased at about former rates. A fair business was transacted in Corn, which closed with an upward tendency. Rye, Barley, and Oats were in limited request at our quotations....Cotton has been more sought after at advancing prices....Provisions have been in fair demand, the market closing pretty firmly and buoyantly for the leading kinds....Rio Coffee was more freely dealt in, and it improved ¼ c. per pound....Sugars were in moderate request at higher rates....Molasses was inactive and drooping....A fair inquiry prevailed for Teas and Rice within our range....Hay and Hops were salable and steady....Hemp, Grass Seeds and Wool ruled quiet at previous figures....Tobacco was in moderate demand, but was somewhat less firm....The bulk of the private sales of Dry Goods during the past week have been to Southern and City jobbers, but as these manifested much reserve in their movements, the aggregate business of the week has been very moderate. Some brown Cottons have been purchased for export. The receipts of goods have not been heavy, but in the absence of an active distributive movement they have increased the available supplies. A slightly improved demand has prevailed for imported Dress Goods, at, however, irregular rates. There is no apparent eagerness among factors to dispose of stocks of desirable fabrics, as the anticipated revival of business, it is thought, will furnish a more satisfactory market for such. The auction sales of the week have been of no remarkable interest. The week's import of Dry Goods amounted to $721,511 against $2,801,779 the corresponding week in 1857. The imports since January 1 have been $2,866,144 against $10,386,476 same time in 1857....The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$4 15	@	$4 55
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	4 15	@	4 40
Extra Western Flour, per barrel......	4 40	@	8 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel...	4 30	@	6 50
Super to Extra Canadian, per barrel ..	4 10	@	6 00
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel ..	4 50	@	8 00
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl..	3 00	@	3 75
Corn Meal, per barrel................	3 00	@	3 50
White Wheat, per bushel.............	1 10	@	1 40
Red Wheat, per bushel	1 00	@	1 20
New Crop Corn, per bushel	60	@	72
Rye, per bushel	70	@	72
Barley, per bushel....................	70	@	78
Western Oats, per bushel	45	@	46
State Oats, per bushel...............	42	@	45
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel....	36	@	40
Southern Oats, per bushel............	28	@	38
Cotton, middlings, per pound.........	10½	@	10¾
Mess Pork, per barrel................	—	@	15 25
Prime Pork, per barrel...............	12 00	@	12 15
Country Mess Beef, per barrel........	9 00	@	10 00
Country Prime Beef, per barrel.......	6 00	@	7 00
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce..........	18 00	@	24 00
Beef Hams, per barrel	15 00	@	17 00
Cut Meats, per pound.................	6	@	8½
Lard, per pound......................	9	@	9¾
State Butter, per pound..............	13	@	24
Western Butter, per pound	12	@	16
Cheese, per pound....................	6	@	8
Rice, per 100 pounds.................	2 50	@	3 50
Rio Coffee, per pound................	8½	@	11
Cuba Sugar, per pound	4¼	@	6¾
Cuba Molasses, per gallon............	16	@	23
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	4½	@	7
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	23	@	25
Hyson Teas, per pound	25	@	55
Oolong Teas, per pound...............	30	@	50
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	21½	@	—
North River Hay, per 100 pounds	50	@	75
Hops, Crop of 1857, per pound........	5	@	10
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound..........	6¼	@	18
Seed Leaf Tobacco, per pound.........	9	@	35
Am. Hemp, undressed, per ton........	100 00	@	110 00
Am. Hemp, dressed, per ton	140 00	@	165 00
American Fleece Wool, per pound....	27	@	45
American pulled Wool, per pound ...	20	@	30
Pot Ashes, per 100 pounds............	—	@	5 62½
Pearl Ashes, per 100 pounds	5 50	@	—
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	42	@	—

Freights continued quiet. Shipowners were getting full rates: for Liverpool, Cotton, 3-16d. per pound; Flour 1s. 9d. @ 2s. per barrel; Grain, 4½d. @ 5½d. per bushel; Rosin, 1s. 9d. per barrel; Beef, 4s. @ 4s. 6d. per tierce; and Heavy Goods, 20s. @ 25s. per ton. For other ports proportionate rates. The number of vessels in the port of New York on Saturday was 577 of all classes.

The Live Stock Markets last week were heavy for Beeves, of which there was an adequate supply available. What may be called good cattle sold at about the same figures, while on common and inferior grades there was a decline of about half cent per pound on the estimated net weight, with the estimated weights favoring purchasers....There was increased dullness in the trade in Milch Cows, owing, in part, to the depressed state of the beef market. Milkmen retain Cows which they otherwise would sell for beef and buy fresh ones....Veal Calves were less freely offered, and were in demand at full rates....Sheep and Lambs were also less abundant, and, with a good inquiry, prices favored sellers....Swine were in fair supply and request at about former quotations....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending Jan. 20.	Week ending Jan. 27.
Beeves......................	2,940	2,739
Milch Cows..................	208	206
Veal Calves.................	346	312
Sheep and Lambs	7,981	6,879
Swine.......................	1,557	1,480

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

New York..........	878	Indiana............	148
Ohio................	574	Illinois............	142
Kentucky..........	256	Virginia	54

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound ..	$0 6	@	$0 11½
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head.	20 00	@	60 00
Veal Calves, per pound	5	@	7½
Sheep and Lambs, per head..........	3 00	@	8 00
" " per pound.........	7	@	11
Live Swine, per pound................	4½	@	5¼
Dressed " "	5½	@	7

The Country Produce Markets are well stocked with farm and dairy produce. The demand is moderate, owing in part to the prevailing fine weather. Prices favor buyers....Poultry is less abundant, and prices have advanced. Our quotations are for that which is received in good order. Much of what comes from the West arrives in poor condition and sells for lower prices.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel....................	$2 50	@	$4 50
Apples, dried, per pound............	5½	@	7½
Peaches, dried, per pound	17	@	19
Plums, dried, per pound.............	18	@	19
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	1 87	@	2 00
Chestnuts, per bushel	2 00	@	2 25
Peanuts, per bushel	70	@	1 12
Cranberries, per barrel...............	8 00	@	10 50
Potatoes, per barrel..................	1 75	@	3 75
" per bushel......................	90	@	95
" sweet, per barrel...............	4 50	@	5 00
Onions, per barrel	1 25	@	3 00
Turnips, per barrel..................	25	@	50
Squashes, per barrel	2 25	@	2 50
Pumpkins, per 100	25 00	@	30 00
Beets, per barrel	1 25	@	1 37½
Cabbages, per 100	2 00	@	4 50
" Red, per dozen	75	@	1 00
Parsnips, per barrel	1 25	@	1 50
Carrots, per barrel..................	—	@	1 50
Leeks, per 100........................	2 50	@	3 00
Celery, per dozen	50	@	75
Garlic, per 100	5 00	@	—
Eggs, Limed, per dozen..............	10	@	—
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	14	@	—
Chickens, per pound..................	11	@	13
Fowls, per pound.....................	8	@	14
Guinea Fowl, per pair................	44	@	50
Ducks, per pound	13	@	17
" per pair	75	@	1 25
Turkeys, per pound..................	11	@	15
Geese, per pound....................	8	@	12
Pigeons, per dozen	1 75	@	2 50
Prairie Hens, per pair................	75	@	1 00
Partridge, per pair	60	@	75
Roasting Pigs........................	1 25	@	2 50
Rabbits, per pair	25	@	—
Hares, per pair	31	@	38
Squirrels, each	2	@	4
Venison, per pound	7	@	11
Bear Meat, per pound	13	@	16

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, Feb.* 1, 1858.

THE foreign import trade of the port continues to show a gratifying decrease: last week's entries compare as follows with those of the week previous;

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Jan. 30, 1858	$1,804,970....	$1,419,697
Corresponding week, 1857	3,981,990....	388,236

Decrease of Imports...$2,177,020
Increase of Exports..................$1,031,461

A comparison of the imports for the month shows the same reduction of foreign imports on a large and regular scale:

Imports at New York for Jan. 1858	$6,890,614
" " for Jan. 1857	15,090,831

At this rate we shall soon have a large balance in our favor on our foreign account, notwithstanding the low prices of produce.

There was only about $50,000 in specie sent abroad last week from this port; but over $1,250,000 went to Boston, most of which was for export from thence. Taking the California arrival into consideration, however, it is not likely that the Bank statement this evening can show any serious decline. Money grows, if possible, steadily easier; it is very hard to lend at six per cent., and in Wall Street large amounts are daily declined by the brokers. Exchange closed on Saturday at 109¼ @ 110 on London, and 5.18¾ @ 5.15 on Paris. The banks of Baltimore and Philadelphia resume specie payments this week, and this is tending to equalize the exchanges with those cities.

The feeling in the street is one of extreme buoyancy. All stocks have risen, some of the dividend-paying railways very considerably. The idea prevails that money is going to remain very cheap all spring and summer, and that it must necessarily be invested in or lent out on stocks.

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